Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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A FRENCH STATESMAN,

ARISTIDE BRIAND

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

PHYSICALLY, he resembles strangely Mr. Lloyd George: the same prominent nose, the same long hair combed back, the same active eyes, the same gripping and persuasive eloquence. As a matter of fact, they are relatives, at least insofar as the Welsh and the Bretons are related, and when they are together, they chat with each other like cousins. There are moments when their jokes become sharp.

"How is it," Mr. Lloyd George asked recently, "that the Bretons fought so well during the war?"

"Because," replied M. Briand with the utmost seriousness, "they continually imagined that they were fighting against the Welsh!"

Those who have seen the two men together and at grips during the most recent international conferences, have experienced one of the rarest pleasures: that of being present at a contest of adversaries not only of equal force, but of similar nature, possessing the same talents, using the same methods. In this game, perhaps it was not the Premier of Great Britain who was the calmer and more phlegmatic player. For French impulsiveness is hardly more than a legend—as false as all other legends.

On the exciting screen of French politics, where men appear and disappear with an unaccountable rapidity, M. Aristide Briand,

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Prime Minister of France, offers the spectacle of a remarkable exception who has never disappeared from the political scene except to return almost immediately. He is to-day for the sixth time Prime Minister. No man can say how long he will remain Prime Minister, but any man can be sure that, God granting him life, he will be Prime Minister a seventh time and more than likely an eighth time.

Curious detail: he has never been turned out of power except once, and that time not by the Chamber of Deputies, which in France has the almost exclusive privilege of unseating Governments: it was by the Senate, in 1913, at the moment when he was defending a bill concerning electoral reform, already voted by the Chamber and adopted also by the Senate a few years later. On all other occasions, M. Aristide Briand has given up power of his own accord, without having lost his majority by any unfavorable vote, and simply because he has been tired out by the overwhelming task represented by the Premiership in France, or else because he felt his support weakening behind him.

Another striking detail: each time that he has been Prime Minister, he has had to face a great crisis wherein the interior or exterior fate of his country has been at stake. Once it was the general strike on the railroads, the first general strike that had been known in France. Another time it was the war, and the war at its darkest moment, when Serbia and Roumania were crushed. This time, it was the question of reparations, to which is linked the very life of France, the question of Silesia and the question of the Near East. Never has a statesman in power known more difficulties, and it is easy to understand his grumbling, "What a responsibility to go into the Government! What a relief to come out!"

His greatest quality is a complete absence of hate and passion.

The first time in my life that I saw him was in 1909, when the religious battle in France was at its height. He had just come into power for the first time, and he had to apply the law, which he had had the Parliament vote, calling for the separation of the Church and the State. The Catholics regarded him as the Antichrist, and accused him of wishing to kill religion in France and of having acted only because of hatred against Rome. The

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struggle against him was ardent and bitter; violent attacks were launched against his public and his private life. I went to see him. I found a man calm, smiling, and cool, as indifferent to the insults hurled at him as if they had been addressed to a citizen of Kamchatka. He explained to me what had been his purpose in separating Church and State, and talked to me of Rome, of the Catholic religion, and of religious beliefs, with a respect that impressed me.

"What is," he said, "the situation of the Church in France? It is the same as that of a government administration. In accordance with the Concordat that Napoleon I, a century ago, signed with Rome, the priests are no more than employees. It is the State that pays them, and which, if it is dissatisfied with their conduct, deprives them of their salary. Besides, Napoleon made no attempt to hide from himself what he wanted to do. '*The bishops*,' he used to say, '*are police commissioners*.' He treated them as such and kept for the Government the right to veto their nomination. He even gave them a special rank in public ceremonies. According to agreement, they came after the prefects and in front of the generals. He had even arranged for the head of the State to present the red hats to the cardinals. . . . Well, I say that such a régime is as little worthy of the Roman Church as of the republican State. There is something unheard of for a Government, composed sometimes of atheists or freemasons, to decide whether the merits of a priest do or do not fit him to become a bishop. It is still more unthinkable that a chief of State who may be Protestant or a freethinker, should enthrone a cardinal of the Church. What would the American Catholics say if the President of the United States had the right of a veto over the nomination of a bishop, and if it were his function to confirm the elevation of a cardinal? Personally, I have wished to bring an end to such an unsatisfactory state of things. And I have kept in view the dignity of the Church as well as the dignity of the State. All churches are entitled to respect, and all religions are beautiful. And it is because they are infinitely beautiful and entitled to an infinite respect that they ought to be left outside of the jurisdiction of governments and of the State. They should have their full independence, which carries with it full responsi-

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bility. As for the State, it has enough to do with its material occupations, without mixing into the spiritual domain with which it has no concern!"

Such were the preoccupations of the man who was represented as the determined destroyer of religious belief. Frequently his question, "What would the American Catholics say if . . . ," has come back to me. And I have little doubt of the reply that they would have made. But the question was never put to them. . . !

Again, in the general railroad strike which broke out in 1910, M. Briand showed neither hate nor haste. And the way in which he solved the problem was a masterpiece of skill. French law forbade the use of force in opposing the strike, which was a legal act. Nevertheless, no Government could allow such a strike to break out and to last: it meant to stop the life of the nation; to open the frontier, without any possible defense, to a sudden German invasion. What was to be done in such a perilous situation? . . . M. Briand recalled that an old French law permitted, in case of national emergency, the mobilization of all the railroad men. If they did not answer their mobilization order, it meant a court martial, just as in time of war. Therefore M. Briand simply published a decree that a national emergency existed, and mobilized all the railroad workers as if war were to have broken out the next day. The men did not dare resist: within twenty-four hours they returned to their posts, and in forty-eight hours the strike was finished. A stormy debate took place in the Chamber. The Socialists attacked the Prime Minister with uncontained fury, and when he mounted the tribune, tried to prevent him from speaking. But his speech was brief. From the speaker's platform he held out his hands and showed them to the representatives of the nation. And he said to them:

"The crisis is over. The railroads are running. But in spite of that, look at my hands: there is not a drop of blood upon them!"

In the course of the war, M. Briand turned out to be of the same calibre as in peacetime. He did not denounce the enemy in fiery speeches, he delivered no burning philippics; the whole of his talent for diplomacy he used for the unification of the Allied

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armies. It was he who first pronounced the famous precept: "*There is only one front.*" By this he meant to convey that it was not only on the Verdun front or the Champagne front that we had to give battle to the Germans, but on the front of the Isonzo or the Vardar as well, and that a victory won in the Balkans was worth a success gained in Flanders. With this principle in view, he maintained and increased the French forces at Salonica, and obtained the maintenance and the increase of the British forces in the Near East. To-day it is only necessary to read the *mémoires* of Hindenburg and of Ludendorff to understand to what extent his judgment was sound and his vision clear. For the day that Ludendorff and Hindenburg judged that all was lost, the day when they asked Berlin to undertake peace negotiations with the Allies, was not the day of July when Mangin attacked the enemy flank at Château-Thierry and changed the advance on the Marne into a retreat, nor was it the day of August when Foch hurled the German advance guards far back from Amiens; it was the day in September when Franchet d'Esperey, smashing through the Vardar front, began to advance by forced marches on Belgrade and on Sofia. "It was on that day," says Hindenburg, "that I realized that the game was lost." It is nothing more than justice to proclaim that the victory in the Orient, prelude to the great victory in France, was due to the foresight and to the perseverance of M. Briand.

Again, recently, in the state in which we are living, which is no longer that of war and which is not yet that of peace, it fell to the lot of M. Briand to settle the question of reparation, on which depends the recovery of France. He used the best of methods, that which Roosevelt used to recommend, and which consists in brandishing a big stick in order not to have to use it.

M. Briand said, "I put a loaded pistol to Germany's temple; she gave in. There are those who regret it, and who would have wished me to fire my pistol. But I congratulate myself. There is no use shooting one's debtor when it is merely a matter of making him open his pocketbook."

What should I say now of the special attitude of M. Briand toward the United States? . . . To say that it is an attitude of confidence and affection is not enough, because all French

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statesmen have such an attitude. The French people would not permit it to be otherwise. But, perhaps with M. Viviani, M. Briand is the French statesman who best understands America and who makes himself best understood there.

I shall always remember that evening of October, 1916, when I was notified that the French Government had decided to send me to the United States on a special mission for the remainder of the war, for the sole purpose of informing the American public of what was happening in France and in Europe. At once I went to the Quai d'Orsay, and I was immediately ushered into the presence of M. Briand, then President of the Council. I asked him his instructions, or at least, his suggestions. I still hear his voice, clear, serious, and deep, answering me:

"My instructions are very simple: tell them always the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Lying or bluffing is good for monarchies and autocracies. But between two democracies, there is only one true rule. When people respect and are fond of each other, they tell everything."

For my own part, I have always applied this rule, which is also the invariable rule of M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador in Washington, when speaking to my friends of America, and I have always found it extremely convenient. "*When in doubt tell the truth,*" Mark Twain wrote on a sign which always hung above his writing desk. But it is not only when in doubt that it is best to tell the truth: it is always. The truth is the cleverest cunning.

Recently, again, I discussed the United States with M. Briand. It was on the return from a recent voyage which I had the honor of making in the company of M. René Viviani. And I told him —for such is the profound conviction of my conscience—that America is not only an inexhaustible reservoir of material riches, but that she is above all a measureless source of moral force. I added that for this reason, in the disorder and chaos in which Europe is struggling, the voice of the most just and the most disinterested people in the world should sound and should be heard. M. Briand listened with all his attention; then, fixing his dark eye upon me, he said:

"It is true that America incarnates a great moral force, perhaps the greatest in the world. And, in this building on the

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Quai d'Orsay, where no day passes without the visit of a representative of some nation of the world, there is one personality whom I always see with joy: it is the American Ambassador. In all the annals of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of France, there is no example of a painful or troublesome incident with the representative of the United States. Whatever the administration in power in Washington, we always consider him as one of our best friends. As soon as he appears, he finds on all sides hands stretched out to greet him. At certain grave moments of the war, he was a useful and an appreciated adviser. It depends on him alone if he desires to be a valued counsellor in times of peace. . . ."

Then, leaning forward a little in a position which he habitually assumes when he wants to emphasize a point, Prime Minister Briand added:

"Do you know why these two peoples, American and French, have got along so well together up to now? It is because, at bottom, they resemble each other. People pretend that, for two nations to love each other, they must be different. That is an absurd error. Beings who have nothing in common can never like each other. And the rule which applies to individuals applies equally to peoples. The American people and the French people have a thousand things in common. In the first place, they have the same titles to nobility, that is, they have both struggled for the same democratic ideal. Also, they possess the same good sense which makes them put aside the socialist Utopias, the same fondness for order and equilibrium. Where else will you find two countries where the middle class predominates as in America and as in France? Where will you find two countries where the rural classes are so similar and where they form the granite keystone on which rests the whole structure of the nation? Where will you find the same spirit of sacrifice and the same hatred of autocracy? All this means that we understand each other even though we speak different languages. We have only to look at each other squarely and each of us finds in the other the same traits, as surely as if we were to look at our own reflection in a mirror. . . ."

Here I stop the citations from M. Briand. If, in tracing his

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sketch, I have made him speak, it has been in order to make him better understood. It may be that France possesses statesmen more daring and more energetic. But she has none more brilliant, more penetrating, more clever.

One day in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Maurice Barrès cried out to him, half in anger and half in admiration:

"You are a monster of flexibility." ("*Vous êtes un monstre de souplesse.*")

The world needs such monsters. One cannot always govern with a closed fist and a threat on the lips. The world cannot be built of iron bars alone. There must be oil to ease the turning of the cogs of the immense machine; a careful and expert hand must pour it on the right spot; and an experienced and calm eye must watch over the ensemble of the factory.

M. Aristide Briand has all of that. And he has also the courage of knowing how to make enemies in order not to abandon a friend—which in politics is the most useful and the rarest courage.

To some political followers who came to see him one day to declare that they approved of his theories, he replied:

"I am glad that you like my principles, but I would prefer that you like me for myself!"

M. Briand can rest assured. He is liked for himself.

STÉPHANE LAUZANNE.

Paris, July, 1921.

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THE NEW CENTRAL AMERICA

BY MARY WILHELMINE WILLIAMS

Down on the Isthmus which joins the two American continents a new nation is in the process of formation. On January 19, last, representatives of the little republics of Honduras, Salvador, Guatemala, and Costa Rica signed articles of union which, it is hoped, will bring about the strength made possible by coöperation and the permanent goöd-will that is blessed by peace.

The idea of one flag and one government for Central America is neither new nor unprecedented. During the colonial period the five Central American states formed a single unit in the Spanish Indies and constituted the Captaincy-General of Guatemala; and, after having cast off the leading strings of the mother country, they, for fifteen years, were known as the United Provinces of Central America. But the selfishness which marked most of the leaders and the inexperience in self-government which characterized the nation as a whole made this latter period one of civil strife and general chaos. After 1839 the union was legally as well as actually at an end, and the immature, undisciplined states were launched separately upon their stormy political careers. Yet, throughout the long years that followed, the idea of ultimate reunion persisted with a tenacity truly remarkable, and by the end of the last century at least a dozen attempts had been made to restore the states to a common nationality. Though the efforts were not successful in attaining their immediate object, they were by no means fruitless, for through them the leaders in the movement gradually learned that no permanent reunion would be possible until mutual trust and friendship among the states had supplanted selfishness, jealousy, and suspicion, and the habit of flying to arms on the slightest provocation—or without provocation.

With the object of laying a foundation for better relations, the five governments entered into mutual treaty engagements

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in 1902. But mere legislation cannot overcome long-established tendency, and in a few years the little nations were in the insane grip of one of the most serious wars that has ever blighted the Isthmus. The situation indeed became so distressing that, fortunately, Mexico and the United States jointly intervened and ended the struggle, and promptly afterwards they brought about the Central American conference which met in Washington in 1907. This gathering accelerated the preparation of the states for the successful reëstablishment of the union, for at it several excellent agreements making for friendship and coöperation were signed, and later ratified by the governments concerned.

By the treaty of peace and amity all the states pledged themselves to refrain from meddling in one another's affairs,—a pastime which seemed almost a mania in some quarters,—and although this pledge was repeatedly broken during the ten years of the legal lifetime of the agreement, the treaty had considerable restraining effect, for wars in Central America have not been so frequent since 1907 as they previously were. The plan of the conference for a Central American Bureau fared better. The *Oficina Internacional Centro-América* was created and has performed admirable service in collecting and disseminating commercial and other information, and in fostering international coöperation and interest in union.

The Central American Court of Justice was a disappointment, and, on the whole, a failure. By the Treaty of Washington the states solemnly agreed to settle in it all disputes, of whatever nature, and several cases were thus disposed of; but from the outset there was serious question whether a tribunal unaided by coercive authority for the enforcement of its decisions could contribute much towards the solution of Central American problems.

The actual scrapping of the treaty providing for the court was, however, brought about by an unexpected chain of events growing out of what is known among Spanish Americans as *imperialismo yanqui*—"Yankee imperialism"—manifested in Nicaragua. In order to make clear the part played by the United States in this connection, it is necessary to recall that the abrogation of

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the Clayton-Bulwer treaty by the Hay-Pauncefote agreement gave the United States a free hand in Caribbean affairs, and that this government, with Theodore Roosevelt at its head, lost no time in taking advantage of those changed conditions. The Platt Amendment had already placed Cuba under American tutelage, and, following it, the unique diplomacy which gave birth to the Republic of Panama and accelerated the building of an interoceanic canal, and the intervention in Central American affairs in 1907, were indications of the new policy of the United States toward the lands to the south.

Nicaragua, ruled by the tyrant Zelaya, had been the storm centre of the Isthmus for several years when, in 1909, the execution by Zelaya's orders of two American adventurers who had been aiding in a revolt against the dictator, focussed the attention of the Taft administration upon that unhappy state. Diplomatic pressure from Washington was brought to bear and Zelaya was forced to resign. But his elimination appeared to increase, rather than to diminish, the disorder in Nicaragua, and the handful of American marines originally sent down to protect American life and property was, in 1912, increased to an army of nearly three thousand men having the avowed object of restoring order. Subsequently most of the forces were withdrawn, but never for a day since the first invasion in 1912 has Nicaragua been entirely free from American military forces. This is the most conspicuous phase of the "dollar diplomacy," which is but one aspect, in the view of Central Americans, of the hated and feared "Yankee imperialism."

But neither the peace insured by the presence of the American marines nor certain financial arrangements effected privately by American capitalists were sufficient to enable Nicaragua to get firmly on her feet. Treaty guarantees seemed necessary to secure sufficient funds to rescue her from the desperate financial straits in which she had placed herself by her foolish wars. As early as 1911 an attempt had been made to secure such an arrangement, but it failed through the refusal of ratification by the United States Senate. Two years later the Taft government negotiated a new agreement, which gave to the United States the exclusive and perpetual right to construct a canal across

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Nicaragua, and leased to it for ninety-nine years the Corn Islands, in the Caribbean, and a site for a naval base in the Gulf of Fonseca, on the Pacific. In return, Nicaragua was to receive three million dollars from the United States. Nicaragua's Government, upheld by American bayonets, ratified the agreement, but again the United States Senate refused ratification.

Undiscouraged, the Wilson administration drafted an agreement which included not only virtually the whole of the recently rejected treaty but also most of the terms which the Platt Amendment imposed upon Cuba, thus making Nicaragua a United States protectorate; in return for which the American Government guaranteed the Nicaraguan debt.

For several years uneasiness and suspicion due to the imperialistic procedure of the United States had been growing in Central America, and the arrangement just mentioned produced actual alarm. It was met with a storm of opposition from individuals and groups representing all of the five nationalities; and the Governments of Costa Rica, Honduras, and Salvador filed with the United States Government formal protests against the treaty. Costa Rica especially objected to the canal concession, for she shared with Nicaragua sovereignty over the San Juan River, which was the logical route for a canal. Honduras and Salvador were particularly disturbed by the grant of the naval base in the Gulf of Fonseca—which is only about twenty miles wide at the entrance—for, since they both bordered on this Gulf, they held that the concession to the United States not only impaired their proprietary rights there, but jeopardized their sovereignty, as well. Furthermore, they asserted, ratification of the treaty would render impossible the reunion of Central America.

How influential were these protests it is impossible to say, but it is a fact that the new convention was rejected by the Foreign Affairs Committee of the United States Senate. A redraft was promptly made, however, and the distinctly protective features were omitted, leaving the agreement almost identical with the second one negotiated by the Taft administration. That is, the document gave to the United States the canal concession and the ninety-nine years' lease of the Corn

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Islands and the naval base in the Gulf of Fonseca, in return for three million dollars. In this form it was ratified by the United States Senate, in February, 1916, with an amendment providing that, in view of the protests of Costa Rica, Salvador, and Honduras against the pact, the ratification was given with the express understanding that nothing in the agreement was intended to affect any existing right of the three states mentioned.

But to the aggrieved republics the Senate amendment was mere empty words, and not the safeguard to their rights that it purported to be; and, promptly following the proclamation of the obnoxious treaty—named for its authors, Bryan and Chamorro—Costa Rica and Salvador brought suit before the Central American Court of Justice against Nicaragua on the ground that the agreement referred to violated the treaty of peace and amity made at Washington in 1907. This contention was unanimously supported by the votes of the justices from the four other states; but Nicaragua refused to have anything to do with the suit, and defied the findings of the court.

Though the Court of Justice seemed now to be wrecked beyond any chance of restoration and rehabilitation, its mere existence served to preserve the hope of a united Central America. Therefore, as the ten years set by treaty for its existence neared expiration, an earnest effort, initiated by Salvador in 1917, was made to have the tribunal continued. By this time manipulation of Nicaraguan affairs by the United States had thoroughly persuaded Central American Liberals that only through union could the little republics escape ultimate absorption by the imperialistic power to the north. Consequently, the former leaders manifested more unselfishness, and a new enthusiasm was contributed to the cause by the growth of unionist clubs among the young men, especially in the universities.

All of the states agreed to meet in conference for the purpose of renewing the court and of fostering coöperation along other lines; but, unfortunately, Nicaragua—probably impelled by an influence made virtually inevitable by United States military occupation—expressed the wish that Panama be admitted to the deliberations also. Though they hoped that Panama would eventually join them, the proposal promptly met with disfavor

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from the other states, partly because of the protectorate maintained over the Isthmian republic by the United States; but the fact that the five original members of the Central American Union had in their constitutions clauses looking toward and providing for ultimate reconfederation, while Panama's constitution lacked such a provision, was also influential; for Panama's presence at the conference would thus be almost certain to complicate the discussion and minimize the likelihood of a successful outcome. This was no time, they felt, to regard Panama as a member of the Central American family. Yet Nicaragua was firm in her insistence that Panama be invited, the conference failed to take place, and the Central American Court of Justice died early in 1918, when the treaty limit expired.

Following this disappointing attempt came a pause, bringing changes which improved the outlook for the realization of the ideal. The most important of these was the elimination of Manuel Estrada Cabrera, Dictator of Guatemala, whose interest in the proposed union had recently disclosed an entirely selfish character. In spite of his well known enmity towards what we call "American ideals," and notwithstanding the dread and hatred with which his own people regarded him, Cabrera had possessed the friendship and backing of the United States Government, for he welcomed and protected American capitalists; and he succeeded in maintaining his despotic control for twenty-two long years. But early in 1920 his oppressed compatriots, fired by the impatience with autocracy engendered by the World War, revolted under the lead of the Unionist party and overthrew him.

A further element of encouragement grew out of the universal cataclysm. The repeated utterances of the United States Government regarding the rights of small nations gave Central America the hope that, through urging these admirable principles upon others, it might finally occur to the United States to incorporate them in its own foreign policy. An announcement made in July, 1920, by the United States Government regarding the coming election for President of Nicaragua seemed to indicate the desired change of heart. The American Government, the Nicaraguans were informed, gave no preference to any of

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the candidates for the office in question, and its sole desire was that the election should be entirely free, in order that the real wishes of the people might be expressed. This seemed to promise that Nicaragua would now be a more harmonious, as well as a more safe and generally desirable, confederate than formerly.

Encouraged by the improved outlook, Salvador again took the initiative and issued invitations to the four sister republics to meet in conference at her capital on September 15, 1920—the ninety-ninth anniversary of the Central American declaration of independence from Spain. The announced object of the gathering was to effect a confederation of the five states, and to revive and execute the treaties of Washington. Honduras, Costa Rica, and Guatemala promptly and unqualifiedly accepted the invitation, but Nicaragua quibbled over the existing status of the treaties in question, and thus caused delay. But the plan for meeting was persisted in, with the result that in December representatives of the five original Central American states began session at San José, Costa Rica, in the Peace Palace given to the republics by Andrew Carnegie.

Like a wicked ghost, however, *imperialismo yanqui* rose at the fraternal gathering and prevented perfect consummation of the unionist ideal. Nicaragua refused to affix her signature to the pact of federation, signed by the four other states on January 19, 1921, the reason given being her rights and obligations under the Bryan-Chamorro treaty. In spite of their well-known abhorrence of the treaty in question, she asked that the other states ratify it in its original form, without the Senate amendment. This they refused to do, for the feeling was strong, especially in Salvador, that no headway toward union could be made unless Nicaragua abrogated the Bryan-Chamorro agreement; but, moved by a spirit of compromise and conciliation, accepted the offensive treaty *with* the Senate guarantee; and, furthermore, included in the pact of union a clause, known as Article IV, to the effect that, until modified or abrogated by diplomatic agreement, all treaties existing between members of the new federation and foreign Powers should be binding upon the states involved. But Nicaragua declared those measures inadequate, and withdrew her delegates from the

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conference. Whether or not the United States Government refrained from influencing the Nicaraguan presidential election last autumn, the outcome of it was that Diego Chamorro, who had been with Mr. Bryan joint author of the treaty which caused the difficulty, was the victorious candidate; and this fact doubtless made the agreement loom larger at the conference than it would otherwise have done.

Obviously, the crux of the question is the clause of the treaty giving the United States the exclusive privilege of building a canal. Whenever the United States may decide to make use of her right, another treaty, providing for the payment of many millions of dollars to some Power in Central America, will, of course, be necessary; and Nicaragua desires to insure the safe delivery of this fortune to her own coffers. With the matter left indefinite, the money might have to be divided up with Costa Rica,—who would certainly be entitled to compensation should the San Juan, the only practicable route, be decided upon,—or be paid largely into the common Central American treasury. The Nicaraguan authorities would probably have been satisfied with the reservation of the right later to negotiate independently with the United States with reference to the canal, but this would be disastrous to union and so not satisfactory to the other states.

But from the first the Nicaraguan officials, who were well aware of the benefits to be derived from union, were inclined to be conciliatory, and the hearty approval of the union expressed by our Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, at a dinner given in honor of the Nicaraguan Minister at Washington, doubtless greatly reinforced the inclination to come to terms with the other states. Hence, on July 3, last, the newly-formed Central American Council was pleasantly surprised by a request from Nicaragua for a statement of terms which might serve as a basis for negotiations looking towards Nicaragua's participation in the union.

It is sincerely to be hoped that this request may speedily lead to an arrangement satisfactory to all, and that when the states gather on September 15 to celebrate the centenary of their independence, there may be five stars in the flag of the new nation on the Isthmus.

In spite of the disappointment and complications caused by

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Nicaragua's refusal to sign the pact of union last January, there has been steady progress towards constructing the machinery of the federation; for the votes of three states were sufficient to make the new nation a reality. With the preliminary agreement as a basis, a constitution has been drawn up providing for a federation of autonomous states, with legislative, executive, and judicial departments, which, to avoid jealousies, shall have their seat in a Federal District, to be created. Meanwhile, the place of meeting is Tegucigalpa, Honduras. The most interesting clause of the constitution stipulates that there shall be an Executive Council, similar to that of Switzerland, instead of a single executive. The members of this Council are to be elected for five years, and shall choose from their number a President, whose term, however, is limited to one year, with prohibition against immediate reëligibility. These restrictions seem to offer excellent assurance against the wrecking of the federation through usurpation of power by the executive—one of the most common evils in Spanish American politics.

The importance of recent developments on the Isthmus becomes manifest only when it is realized that the completed federation will be fifth in population among the independent nations of the Western World; and, yet, as compared with England—which has but two-sevenths as large an area with seven times the population—it is an empty country. The establishment of peace and financial security will surely invite a great flood of immigration, for in natural resources Central America is one of the richest regions in the world, and her proximity to the Panama Canal affords her tremendous commercial advantages.

Will the United States Government respond to the challenge offered by the situation?

MARY WILHELMINE WILLIAMS.

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ANGLO-AMERICAN FAITH

BY WILLIAM McCLELLAN

THE peace of the future depends upon the concerted action of Britain and America. This is the most significant lesson in the world politics taught by the war. Whatever league of nations or other instrument may be devised, the English-speaking peoples, when acting in unity, will strike the note of authority. As the next war would be infinitely more devastating and horrible than the last, keeping the peace becomes more than ever the duty of civilized man. It follows easily that if peace can be assured by the coördination of Britain and America, it is of paramount importance that heed be given to the necessary conditions.

That was almost an exhilarating moment in 1914 when the world learned that Britain would throw all her resources into the struggle for civilization. Germany had expected it when she invaded Belgium, even though she seemed surprised. It was overwhelming to Germany in 1917 when the United States finally recognized her own responsibility to humanity. At that moment, it is known now, Germany secretly admitted defeat.

The change in the mode of war has given Britain and America their position of dominance, or better said,—leadership. War is no longer a matter only of individual valor or military genius. It is a titanic struggle of organized human and natural resources. From the moment that the struggle commences, every man, woman, and child on both sides, whether at home or with the colors, makes war. All natural, industrial, and commercial resources are taken from ordinary uses and reshaped for most effective war purposes. No discussion is needed to prove that those countries having a huge wealth of mineral and agricultural resources, and which have built up their manufacturing and transportation facilities to make these resources available, will be dominant in international affairs. Great Britain and America

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are in precisely this position, and whether it be due to accident or superior genius is insignificant. Moreover, the primacy will prevail in any international organization which may be functioning.

Every honest-minded person must desire some effective association of the nations. But the builders of the existing league attempted the impossible. They essayed to invent a full-grown league when there was not an international mind among the nations; when each nation, large or small, had a most exaggerated national mind; when two of the largest nations could not be present at the organization; when the peoples of the world were war weary to exhaustion, and were interested only in a quick peace; and when the mind of the world was far from exultant and generous as was the mind of the American colonies after gaining independence. A league of nations will never be a direct creation. It will be a growth from a very simple beginning. It must start as a consultative assembly only, for no great nation will ever surrender sovereignty in cold blood. A league of nations—say what you will—is the beginning of an international State, which somehow will accumulate sovereignty. Such a State could never be formed at the close of a great war. Even the American Colonies with a common speech and a common political background could not do it until after a period of experimenting and waiting for passions to subside. The Colonies had to possess themselves of national minds, which incidentally was not completed until 1865. No such international superstate is above the horizon now. Even if one were, it would be a decade or two before it could depend on its own strength. With or without it, when Britain and America were agreed in any crisis, a demonstration of force could be made which would effectively control explosive action anywhere in the world.

To have Britain and America on the same side of every international issue is, then, the *sine qua non* for world peace. The serious problem is to discover how circumstances may be arranged so that they can be expected to be there. There is certainly no reason to expect that they will inevitably find themselves in coördination. At numerous times during the last forty years, feeling between them was tense, and war was possible if not

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immanent. To-day there are numerous prophets of varying position who think the two great English-speaking nations must clash, sooner or later. I respect the thinking of no person who believes such a war impossible. Such an assumption does not square with the facts, and is an easy road to trouble. Even though with difficulty, they could fight like any other two peoples, if the causes of war should arise at any time.

The only possible cause of war between Britain and America would be lack of faith of one in the other. Neither one lacks territory, nor covets any particular territory which the other has. Both have remarkably attractive and ample "places in the sun." Both are powerful, with extraordinary resources, and have a wholesome respect for each other. For these reasons, if war came, as someone has said recently, "We should drift into war with Great Britain after weeks or months of exchanges, doubts, delays." Conceivably a single overt act might start a conflict, but not until a policy, steadily pursued for a relatively long time, had undermined the faith of one in the other. The ulterior purpose would have to be proved—be apparent—before these two giants would resort to trial by combat. To prevent war between themselves, and thereby hold the proud position of forever keeping peace on earth, both must keep the faith.

Both nations will be wise to look the facts in the face and recognize that they are natural antagonists. In the first place they are the only two nations at present which, because of wealth and organization, could challenge each other with any uncertainty as to the result. If insane enough, we have the resources and ability to equal or exceed the British Navy, which would be a challenge indeed. Granting that we could come to one national mind as to method, we could certainly compete with Britain for a mercantile marine. New York is the only city in the world which could replace London as the financial centre. The war between the sterling and dollar exchanges is on, with some visible success for the dollar. Then there are the numerous financial and commercial relations, entangling and otherwise, with undeveloped countries. Great Britain or her nationals have had these things, have dominated these and other fields of commercial and political activity. To give them up would be to lose tremendous prestige,

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in fact, would be to lose empire to a great degree. America, or a large part of it, would not be averse to at least sharing the throne. Indeed, there has been a large volume of printed and spoken discussion about wresting this or that portion of leadership from Britain. There are any number of Americans who think their country could defeat any other in war, commerce, or other contest, and who resent holding less than the first place. They have no conception of the dogged quiet, but far from passive resistance of that nation who knows what leadership means, knows how to get it, and how to hold it. These are the facts, and in the face of them it is fatuous to ridicule the idea of war. It is the acme of ineptitude to think that blood, language, institutions, or origins, will alone suffice to remove friction and heat. These are more or less powerful instruments for the wise use of those who perceive the intense and vigorous rivalry that is on its way between the two English-speaking giants. There is evidence even now of the real situation. Until 1914 Great Britain was the arbitrator in Europe. Of Europe, but detached, she maintained this position for more than a century. She was stronger at the end of every European war than at the beginning. To the superficial observer she still seems to speak softly, but with authority, as of old. France, Italy, Germany, Poland, and all the rest struggle in negotiation, but they wait for the casting vote of Lloyd George. The careful observer notes, however, that there are few permanent settlements. He notices, in every case, side glances toward America. He records the frequent assertion that there can be no league without America. He perceives a general distrust by small nations of the big ones, including Britain, and a universal hope that America will step in, accept mandates, lend money—in other words, accept leadership. If America were willing, and had faith in her ability, she could now take the position in Europe that Britain held at the end of the Napoleonic wars.

The thoughtful Britishers are not confused. To them America is not the first, but the most formidable and resourceful rival which they have had to meet. They speak outright, as did *Fairplay*, when discussing our mercantile marine. Speaking for the shipping interests of Britain it announced frankly and cheerily:

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When it has been a question of the survival of the fittest we have invariably done our level best to crush or mold opposition, and as regards America's new mercantile marine, we shall go on doing it and expect her to do the same by us.

The task of statesmen is to make sure that this intense rivalry progresses with that remarkable sportsmanship that both nations have shown in other fields. First of all is the necessity for a clear understanding of the nature of the contest. So many of the jingo nationals of both nations talk as if it were a "fight to a finish" with no rules. Britain or America must be eventually "knocked out." If this attitude were to become general it would be a fatality. I suspect at times that the fear of this pervades the minds of those who are most noisily advocating some form of rapprochement. If we must have a simile, the dual meet is more like a distance race. From time to time each contestant has his turn at setting the pace. They run with different form perhaps,—one may excel in stride, the other in coördination. We are not interested in the finish, for this is too far off for speculation; but we are supremely interested in the way the contest progresses, and under what conditions it is started and managed.

There must be no formal alliance for mutual support between Britain and America. First, because both nations would chafe under it. A huge amount of time and energy would be required to administer it. More important, it would be objectionable because it would erect a more or less embarrassing barrier between us and all other nations. Moreover, a formal alliance is unnecessary. Better results can be obtained by each nation independently deciding that sympathetic coöperation and understanding is the best policy from a purely selfish standpoint, and then governing their actions accordingly. Two important public questions now under discussion,—the British Navy and the Panama Canal,—illustrate the point. In these, both nations have an opportunity to demonstrate a clear understanding and good faith.

Is Great Britain at present justified in refusing naval disarmament below a figure which would give her command of the sea? I think she is. First let us gain a clear understanding by comparing the positions of Britain and America. America is continental (virtually so), self-contained, almost undivided territorially, whereas the British Empire is insular, colonial or

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provincial,—territorially divided. Great Britain is the heart of the empire. The British navy, in which a huge portion of the mercantile marine must be included, is the connecting chain between the parts. In no fanciful sense, the merchants ships are the highways between the parts. As well ask America to give up her transcontinental railroads as ask Britain to give up her combined transporting and guarding navy. It may set an unpleasant problem for all the rest, that one nation finds itself in a position where it must, beyond any question, command the sea; but there Britain is. Incidentally, for the territory represented, hers is not larger than any other navy. The difficulty is that it is under one command. Not a small part of it provides the "steel walls," formerly the "wooden walls," of the two islands. Neither America nor any other nation has a reasonable right to demand that this navy be rendered impotent for its primary purpose of making the British Empire possible. The day will come when the British mind can be at ease without the fighting part of it, and then that purpose be given up. Is the British navy a menace to us? That is the vital question now. Must we take up a programme of navy building which, *ipso facto*, means that we are afraid of war with Great Britain? Can Britain do anything to improve the situation?

Great Britain has for a century shown a wholesome respect—not in any sense fear—for America's naval ability. Where prepared strength was not available, "Yankee smartness" has helped out. In war, necessity is the mother of invention. To-day, if we can have no faith in the character of Britain, it would be folly to depend on anything but a great navy. Granting a reasonable faith, there are some very important material factors. Britain is three thousand miles from our shores, and could detach only a portion of her navy to attack us. True, if we ever have a large mercantile marine, we shall find a great difficulty facing us, but I believe international law will render this risk less onerous. Resolute action at international conferences will take care of all merchant ships, unless they become belligerent. Moreover, Britain or any other nation with a great preponderant army or navy is constantly suspected and subject to attack by all when she shows a disposition to be grasping. Such a nation invariably

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has a number of weak situations internationally, and could never afford to become selfishly aggressive. Her navy, large in the aggregate, must be subdivided to cover a large number of strategic points. For America, particularly, the most potent factor is the group of independent constituents which really control the Empire and its actions. Merely to mention Canada, Australia and her neighbors, South Africa, Ireland, Scotland, and—in a growing sense—Egypt and India, is to realize that aggressive action by the Empire would be well-nigh impossible except in a righteous cause. As has been pointed out, the British Empire, in determining its action, must consult a very large number of almost national relations within the Empire, and experience has shown that these may be very divergent. I think, therefore, as a practical matter that America can solve her naval programme without consideration of Britain as a menace. A navy strong enough for any other emergency will be ample for all purposes. Naturally, any extended mercantile marine would be subject to partial destruction, but for America this would be a financial, not a vital, matter. The question immediately presents itself as to what Britain could do to increase the confidence of America so that such a decision could be made and not only all rivalry removed, but also an unwritten alliance be created.

She could dismantle completely all her military and naval stations in this hemisphere and neutralize forever all ports in her possessions, colonies, and provinces here. Such neutral ports, of course, could never be attacked by the United States, and an attack on these neutral ports by any other nation would be resented by us. Such an action would in the first place weaken to a great degree any navy which Britain could send against us. Her nearest naval base would be three thousand miles distant. It would render whatever navy we had relatively stronger by reason of our own near by resources. On the other hand, Britain would have nothing to protect in this hemisphere. Should the seemingly impossible war come between Britain and us, Canada, with such neutralized ports, would be in no different position. In such a war her relation and effectiveness would depend upon her own military resources as measured with what we could send against her. Some will contend that the existence of these naval

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bases is no disadvantage to us, as we should capture or destroy them at the outset. This, however, is tantamount to saying that they would be of no use to Great Britain in war, that she has no plans for defending and using them, and that we could safely divide up our navy to attack them, and at the same time protect our own ports and coast cities. There are many assumptions here, not necessarily advantageous to us. How Canada would regard this neutralization of ports is another serious question, for it is well known that the opinion of Canada would prevail irrespective of the Imperial Government. It would seem that she could accept it. As a nation she would be in no sense neutral.

In the Panama Canal, America has her opportunity to induce faith. It ought to be internationalized, without any discrimination whatever in favor of any nation, including ourselves. I am one of those who believe that the clear language of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty requires this, especially when remembering that it is a substitution for the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. But there is no need for argument, for its neutralization is urged here as a matter of policy irrespective of any real or fancied rights. While this neutralization would apply to all nations, it would be chiefly effective as to Great Britain because of her extensive mercantile marine. It would be an act of faith of far-reaching importance, in that it would be an earnest of our fair and sportsmanlike thinking and acting in the future. Again it may be stressed that Great Britain and America are natural rivals in commerce and shipping, but neither nation can afford to take any advantage over the other, based on strained interpretations of treaties or agreements.

I sometimes think it would increase Anglo-American comity if the British Empire should adopt the decimal money system. Canada already has it. To say the least, it would be an exceedingly graceful action. The coins and notes should be of precisely the same content and value, though of different designs. There would be a distinct loss in having one design, in that the masses would not have the constant symbolism of two sovereign nations faithful each to each, with intimate relations. Obviously there would be a very great gain in practical efficiency in commercial transactions from such interchangeable specie, but it is not pro-

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posed for this reason primarily. Our effort is to bring the minds of the common man and woman of Britain and America to a real unity. Imagine what a direct and effective help the intercirculation of coins and notes would be,—those of either nation equally valuable to the holder.

We have been constructing an alliance, but, written or unwritten, it must not arouse antagonism among the other nations. Self-interest makes strange bed-fellows, and should Continental Europe, including Russia, become violently suspicious, we might have a powerful entente against our alliance. The greatest problem the nations have to solve is Germany—seventy million trained and organized producers and consumers. There isn't force enough in the world to keep such a population in subjection. Their numbers will multiply and their industrial and commercial power will increase. Needless to say they mean to have—must have—their place in the sun. We ought to be far enough away from the passions of the war to look facts squarely in the face, even if we cannot forget or forgive. How long will the insanity of separating German-Austria from Germany continue? Hardly less intricate and important is the solution of the middle east of Germany and Italy. And there is, further, that very dangerous and complicated Asiatic tangle. There will be wars here and there, and rumors of war everywhere, but happiness or war for us will depend entirely upon whether the leadership of Britain and America is acceptable to the other nations. Our every action will be scrutinized for sincerity of purpose and fairness of dealing.

The most serious obstacle to confidence and leadership is the evident fear by many peoples of a British and American lust for Empire. America has probably removed to a large extent this feeling in Latin America, the only place where it ever existed. Britain, however, has fanned the flames everywhere by her additions through the peace treaty. To speak frankly, these very large additions of territory have operated unfavorably for Britain in the mind of the average American. Many careful thinkers, including a vast number of Britishers, look on the additions as added burdens which really weaken the Empire, but the popular mind cannot arrive at that point of view. Apparently the British flag, already flying over a huge portion of the earth, is being carried on

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a wave of empire further and further, provoking jealousy, resentment, and suspicion. There is a generally held opinion that once in the British Empire, a unit must fight for its freedom as did America, South Africa, and now Ireland, with Egypt and India on the way. Britain's most serious problem will be to change the point of view of the American man on the street. The arrangement for extra votes in the League of Nations merely confirmed his prejudice. The Irish question stresses it still further. There can be no complete faith between Britain and America until Ireland is at peace in the Empire. Such problems are not local or internal,—they are primary tests of national character. To reduce antagonism and disarm suspicion is the great task of British statesmen. The menace of a Napoleon aiming for empire was serious, but for a great democracy to be suspected of that ambition would be fearful. Britain must avoid even the "appearance of evil." Her diplomacy must be as open as that of America. In short, if Britain and America are to lead effectively, they must demonstrate to the world that in every case they are capable of thinking internationally. They must develop that unknown faculty—an international mind.

Supported by an undoubting faith in the motives and purposes of each other, the two great English-speaking nations not only could not war with each other, but also could march together in the approach to every international problem. Jointly they would be the arbiter of nations. Sympathetic and scrupulous toward each other, they would gain the confidence and faith of the others. In any conclave of the nations their independent actions would be completely harmonious, and the moral force created would settle differences so that they would become details or disappear altogether. A long time might be necessary, and the progress might be slow and jerky. Perhaps the end is far off, but there can be no finish unless there is a start. If the world is to become really safe for democracy, an unwritten entente between Britain and America is the only conceivable first step, with both nations recognizing faith in each other as their most precious possession.

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LIBERALS AND RADICALS

BY SAMUEL SPRING

"LIBERALS," the President of the bank remarked as he bestowed one of his Havanas upon me, "Liberals are merely terror-stricken Radicals. Like all Radicals, they want the whole cake or none; but knowing that they will get none, they are willing to compromise on part. Scratch a Liberal and you find a Bolshevik. Fortunately Liberals are disappearing from America like the Indians."

He smiled on me genially as he spoke. Though the outstanding Reactionary of the town, he appeared rather cheering as he sat in the modest President's room of his ostentatious bank, a tall, white-haired gentleman of seventy years' experience and astuteness. I should have answered:

"You Reactionaries are trying to murder Liberalism by calling it Anarchy. That went all right during the war; but Liberalism cannot be choked so easily."

Instead, I lit his cigar and left. I felt all too keenly that Liberalism was gently being pushed out of the world in precisely that fashion. To be a Liberal in these lurid days is to be suspected and unhappy. Everything successful is lurid; Radicals are lurid; Reactionaries are lurid; we Liberals alone seem drab. This death awaits us.

An hour later I was eating lunch with a Radical. A bald-headed, scant man of forty, he keeps his large family alive by editing a *Milkman's Monthly* and writing about the butter-fat possibilities of short-horn cows, while he dreams happily of the New State and awaits the inevitable task of seeking another job so soon as the dairymen discover that he is a "Red."

"Liberals," he said, "are merely desperate Conservatives. They rely on their magic 'Liberalism' to preserve them and their ease. Give me an honest, police-guarded capitalist. I hate hypocrites. Like the bourgeoisie, Liberals are a thing of the past; the world progresses; Tartuffe is dead!"

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Is not the time ripe for someone to leave a fund for the study of the Radical mind, and, incidentally, for the preservation of dying Liberals? Is not the Liberal worth preserving, at least as an inoffensive curiosity? We are preserving buffaloes and razor-billed auks:—why not Liberals? Time was when we Liberals considered ourselves the saving remnant; boasted of our patience, our tolerance, our deep thought; felt that we alone could make progress possible. Progress? Our very ideal is out of fashion. The Conservative insists on staying just where he is. Like the carp in the mud, he says, "Here I lie possessing, happily possessing. Let me lie." The Radical scorns progress; he demands change, abrupt, glorious, perilous change. We are caught between two armies. The Conservative adroitly turns every hand against us by calling us hard, radical names. The Radical simply sputters in rage when we appear. Could anything be of more profit than to understand the Radical Mind? In the past the Radical usually ended up in the madhouse, in jail, or in the Liberal fold, finally to reappear as a Reactionary of Reactionaries. Dare we hope that this will be true also of the future? Indeed what are the outstanding types of the Radical Mind?

I

True it is that the reaches of the world are, after all, only a small back-yard. When I came upon Ashe in the cold light of the morning, beside the gray Pacific, he was sitting on a rock watching the sea intently. I had heard a few months before that he was a war correspondent in Turkestan; before that he had been the patient organizer of several of the outstanding Radical campaigns of the decade. Organized labor at one time feared him more than it did capital. I was startled when I discovered that with him was the woman he had married a few months back; his marriage, we all felt, was his intellectual death warrant. For she was one of those Radicals who had started brilliantly; written sagely though daringly about shop and factory slavery in New York; and, as is too often the case with the woman Radical, at the point when she was on the threshold of a great work, she went wild. She became an

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emotional Radical; no cause was too scatter-brained or too futile for her not to be a leader in it. And to complete her folly she married Ashe.

For by that marriage she led astray one of the finest minds and staunchest hearts of the generation. His great defect was overweening idealism. At the head of his class in the law school, envied by all who labored harder and received poorer grades, he refused to complete the course because his restless mind revolted from the two-by-four credo of the law. He entered the ministry, only to upbraid his small-souled board of trustees, composed of shop-keepers and disappointed spinsters, and to resign in contempt. Then he became a social service worker, and told his donors that they could not use him as a disguise for their greed, or exhibit him as a satisfaction to their vanity. Finally he became a Radical leader with few peers. His marriage was the last episode I had heard in his career, and his wife displayed him in every side-show of the Radical circus. He was always in revolt; always seeing the falsity and death in life; but never able to compromise ideals with realities. And now he sat quietly, almost feebly, beside the indifferent sea.

The mellow light of the California dawn suddenly made life seem blithe and serene. Only the placid sea remained stupid. It was hard to think that out of this drowsy bay, Drake had sailed, daring and damning Spaniards, tempests and the unknown. Beyond the cliff on which we stood, bounded by a white stretch of beach curving magnificently like the crescent moon, lay the very harbor where Drake had beached and scraped his water-logged *Golden Hind* before he turned her broken prow straight into the sinking sun on the high adventure of all adventures—around the world or straight out of the world!

I thought of Drake as soon as I saw Ashe; for Drake had always been his model rebel. He had even written a *Revolutionist's Life of Drake*. The reason was evident. Ashe confused rebellion with adventure. And was not Drake the greatest yet weirdest of adventurers? For he began life as a pirate, robbing silver-laden galleons on the Spanish Main, and ended life as the naval genius who broke the Armada and thus made English Conservatism eternally secure.

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We talked a long time, but not about ourselves. There was a matchless tone of optimism about his remarks; not blind optimism founded on faith, but rather a peaceful surety that the world was mellowing and that life was delightful after all. His wife said not a word. I was happy to find that his Radicalism was almost gone. He had found himself at last; sure of his judgment, reliant upon his infinite experience, he felt that the short-comings of our civilization called for labor and not wild-eyed revolt.

"It's all right to change the world," he said finally, as he rose to go, "but after all it's like sailing a ship. Drake never hit the rocks—and that's a good deal. We Radicals always seem to aim for the rocks; the way to end a voyage profitably, we think, is to sink the boat. Drake's tiny ship was full of holes; she leaked and creaked and staggered as the waves struck her; but that was his adventure, to sail her patiently and keep her away from the rocks. So with this society of ours; it seems ready to quit and go to smash as it shivers on the crest of a wave; I used to pray for the power to crash it to pieces on a reef; but now I respect it. Somehow it goes; and we must spend more time sailing it instead of damning it. . . . You see, I'm still a worshipper of Drake. . . . And after all, the wisest of us may be the biggest fools. Who was it who said that the world, after all, might be a poor joke played by God on man?"

We parted gaily. The sun was shining in full, glowing splendor. The poised sea sparkled like a jewelled garden. The freshness, the cheer, the glorious color of a California morning thrilled us as only vibrant life can.

She lingered behind. I was embarrassed, for I had spoken sharply of her in the old days. The pain, the rebellion, on her small face startled me. How could she be in such unhappy, surging revolt on so glorious a morning? Heartily did I pity Ashe.

"You'll never see him again," she said simply. "Perhaps a week, a month, . . . not more than a year . . . Cancer. He knows it—and look at him! . . . Oh, the brutal, mad tryanny of it all! . . . And to think that I was ever fool enough to believe in a God, to feel that there was any force in life greater or nobler than the courage of man!"

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II

"Little Napoleon," a ship-fitter's apprentice said to me truculently, "will get you government guys soon, and *get you good!*"

It was my task during the war to assist the Emergency Fleet Corporation in shaping its labor policies. It was also my duty—task for a Mohammed!—to receive complaints and keep the workers happy.

The young Radical, a ship-fitter's apprentice, who addressed me with these kindly words, had just demanded that the Government pay his railroad fare to the Great Lakes because he was an indispensable ship-fitter and would be happier there, for he was weary of the West.

"The Government ought to wake up and realize that if they keep us guys happy they'll get more ships. Little Napoleon will wake 'em up with a bang."

Always Little Napoleon! How does this Emperor of Radicals gain his power? I asked myself.

The next day the ship-yard workers, or rather part of them, struck without notice, for higher wages, in violation of their agreement to submit all labor disputes to arbitration. That same night I attended a labor rally at a great hall full of tumult, wrath and chaos. Little Napoleon, with his tumbling eloquence, was in his element. I soon learned how he held his power. To dare all and always to dare was his motto. Spoiled by high wages, believing that the golden days would never end, the younger workers were afire for radical achievement. Little Napoleon ruled them by urging them to grasp for more than they dreamed of. He phrased, in sharp, angular invective, all that they felt but dared not say. Who ever foolishly spoke of a Radical leader? They seldom lead. A Radical leader is like a cow-boy riding ahead of a mass of maddened, stampeding steers. So long as he can ride faster than they, he can lead; so soon as he hesitates, he disappears. The Conservative and Liberal labor leaders, who had nursed the Affiliated Council through bitter years of starvation, were swept aside. When the dreams of the moment passed, and the Union fell upon sad days, they would be allowed to lead again. Now they sat mute, powerless, like

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Egyptian mummies. As Little Napoleon spoke I felt that I was at the high religious service of Radicalism in which he, as the priest of the temple, raucously chanted "Higher wages! Always higher wages!" while the chorus of workers stormily sang back in wrath, "Strike! Strike!! Strike!!!"

And strike they would until hunger taught them reason. For after the meeting Little Napoleon met me on the stairs. He was flushed after his constant speaking; but a touch of cunning shrewdness, despite his rampant emotionalism, still lingered about his eyes.

"Perhaps after all they will have to go back to work again," he said slyly, "but this strike will wake up them fellows in Washington. It will only be a truce. Labor will prevail. The future belongs to us!"

"The head of the Federation of Labor and your own international President," I answered, "have ordered you fellows not to strike. How can you, then? Don't you believe in organization? There may be a wrong time, even for a strike!"

"Never! What do those guys who call themselves labor leaders back East, drawing down their fat salaries from us, know about our needs? When they get at the top of an organization they become cowards. Their manners get good and their nerve gets bum. But not me! It's the strong that deserve it all; and we laborers"—his hands were soft as a woman's—"we laborers are the strong if we only knew it. Look at old Napoleon, and old Morgan. The only things they didn't grab, like the North Pole, were too far away for them to reach. Grab it all! That's me—I mean us. We've got to grab and we will! Hang reason; damn reason; just grab! Look out for us!"

Such Radicals as Little Napoleon are common enough. They always have brains of some kind. Sharp, quick to act, daring enough to clutch the stars themselves, they are a power not to be denied. But their greed betrays them utterly. They are to be feared, yet they soon destroy themselves. There are too many of them. And even the Great Napoleon could not lead his starved people through the deserts of defeat. Common sense, hidden though it may be at times, proves the Waterloo of such Radicals when hunger and disaster lend an edge! Their

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ideals are as old as tumult itself. Shakespeare pictured their revolution for all time when he had the Welshman timidly say:

> The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,
> And lean-faced prophets whisper fearful change,
> Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
> The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
> The other to enjoy by rage and war.

III

H. was the valuation engineer of a State Railroad Commission. An indifferent engineer, he was nevertheless a diligent revolutionist. How often have I seen him on the witness stand testifying boldly and glaringly on behalf of the public with but one purpose, to rob the utility as far as possible. His pale face with its underbeard, his large ash-colored eyes, would flare up in passion on every occasion, like an Oriental monk about to be martyred. He lived and worked and argued emotionally. Women Radicals often reveal the same quality; well-meaning souls who seem in search for an excuse to grow impassioned, and outraged, and unhappy. They would start a revolt over the color of your hair; the revolt's the thing!

H. was a college teacher for a decade. Starvation then confronted him and his growing family. H. actually did the family washing before starting his lectures. Finally he fled into the Government reclamation service. Again starvation and ill-fortune out-stared him at every turn. He owed his position with the Railroad Commission to his willingness to do two men's work on half a man's pay. His jarring personality and narrow mind turned every hand against him. The utilities despised him for his unfairness and his impassioned Radicalism; they realized that everything with him was class conflict. His own associates hated him for his intolerance. No one would work with him. Adversity, instead of breeding fortitude, had bred bitterness.

Like all of those who are Radicals through starvation, his end was simple. The telephone company, because he was about to rob them of a couple of million a year by a neat use of the theo-

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ries of depreciation, offered him a job at $100 more a month than he was receiving. He instantly accepted. With his stomach no longer empty, he forgot Radicalism. To-day he even shows the makings of a first-rate Reactionary!

IV

The high Sierras. A donkey and two men—thus the sacred trilogy of Conservative, Liberal, and Radical. My friend M., though a tumultuous Radical, was a rare companion for a hike. At college he had aspired to be a poet, but finally compromised on art criticism. If one could not create Art, one could, at least, criticize it. To-day he is a photographer in the Zion of Mormonism, growing wealthy on the income derived from his skill in taking children's pictures in nursery style, with bits of original, apt verse at the bottom. He is as radical as ever; only now that Socialism has ceased to be accursed and startling, he has become an Anarchist, a Bolshevik. Over six feet two inches tall, stout in proportion, an awkward, blonde giant, he is nevertheless unable to carry more than forty pounds on his back, and would rather join the Conservatives than walk faster than three miles an hour. Hence his fondness for donkeys.

That memorable afternoon, just before sunset, we were toiling up a ridge, wrangling as usual. Indeed our travels could well be called "Wrangles with a Donkey." Suddenly below us appeared one of the magnificent vistas of the Sierras. The serene glory of the great wilderness, coming across our weary path so abruptly, made us forget our bickering. For miles, between forested walls, the valley stretched straight into the sinking sun and the soaring, austere Sierras. A volcano had covered one side of the valley with great boulders; masses of twisted rock appeared here and there; between the boulders stood great pines, killed and whitened by some weird blight. On the other side above the masses of colored underbrush rose lofty, serene red-woods, half green, half sere. Far away, emerging from the mists of the horizon, gleamed a faint, quicksilver stream with argent bursts of color where the water dashed against the rocks.

It was one of those rare times when the naked beauty of

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Nature moves one as does the climax of a Shakespearian tragedy when a great actor stands before eternity. Being human, I am never speechless; but wrath seized me when M. began to speak.

His face was flushed, his eyes strained. He moved his hands grandiloquently, evidently under the stress of overwhelming emotion. Impassioned lover of beauty that he is, I was startled to find him breaking the spell in jarring, futile speech.

"Behold," he babbled brokenly, "behold the philosophy of Anarchy, the credo, the hymn of the Social Revolution! I worship at the shrine—"

"Anarchy and asses," I sputtered, "I see no dynamite, no sabotage, no red flags, or boiling orations—"

"Look! See the marks of the glacier down this side of the valley. Tumult, and blind, protesting force swept the mud and ugliness out of the valley, and now we have serenity and eternal beauty. What a glorious revolt; its history is written—"

"Thousands," I interrupted.

"If you pull that old saw about the changes of Nature taking thousands of years, while we Radicals want perfection over night, I'll push you and the donkey over the edge of this precipice. We don't want perfection; we simply want to sweep away ugliness, poverty, disease. Beauty must then come to fill the void. I'm sick of this rickety civilization. It has the hook-worm. This glacier swept down the country over night. Let us choke and shoot you Reactionaries and sweep away the mud over night, then—"

"Then, more mud," said I.

We were wrangling again.

Late the same day we were passing by a mountain meadow where the timid, delicate-hued mountain flowers had edged up in prodigal abundance as the snow slowly melted away. Here and there, though it was July, patches of snow and ice still remained. A great redwood had fallen along the trail, forming a matchless Juliet balcony.

Suddenly, like one of Ovid's Metamorphoses, a tawny-coated, frightened deer leaped sheer our of the red-wood balcony, lighted with unbelievable grace and ease near us, and fled across our path

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into the meadow. The primitive man within me spoke and I reached for my gun. M. blocked me.

"I would gladly shoot Conservatives or their Liberal step-sisters," he said savagely, "but why murder beauty, even if it is only a deer?"

Where M. is to-day, I don't know. He is one of the great types of the Radical Mind. Beauty is his religion; yet Fate denied him all creative power. Like old Kraft in Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe*, he can feel beauty supremely, but he lacks all power of expression. He is allowed to gaze into the celestial gardens, but enter he cannot. Embittered, revolting against his fate, what is more natural for him than to revolt against the world? Gray's "mute, inglorious Milton" was probably the village atheist or cynic. The surge within could not be suppressed; even futile opposition was a relief. M. reads his politics, his economics, his philosophy in terms of beauty. Ugliness is to him infinitely worse than chaos. He can revolt against society; he can form a perpetual minority; but he cannot construct. Why fear him?

So they stroll across the stage of rebellion. The man on horseback, denied his horse, and forced to mount a soap-box instead; the starved stomach in revolt; the futile, kindly lover of beauty, ready to destroy the world because he cannot create beauty or make society beautiful; the great mind and big heart, athirst for adventure, ready to destroy all for the sake of adventure, yet taught by Life; and finally—a Liberal.

Infinite other types there are to be sure. For who can count the crows in the cornfield; or even the eagles in the heavens? Like the dark and swirling waters of the Nile, our Radicals flood the busy fields, and then when the weak begin to despair, they recede into their normal bounds leaving life much enriched and refreshed. So Liberalism is not on its last legs; rather Radicalism is. What has happened in the past will happen again in the future. At least we Liberals like to hope so, and since nothing is so comforting to those in doubt as bold prophecy, I have boldly set my prophecy down.

SAMUEL SPRING.

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REPORTING PARLIAMENT AND CONGRESS

BY P. W. WILSON

ACCORDING to the wisdom of those who speak English, it is best that we should be governed by persons whom we elect to Congresses and Parliaments from constituencies where dwell the voters. There arises the question, therefore, how we are to know from day to day what our representatives are doing in our name, and in England the answer to that question was for many centuries that there was no need for us, and no right, to know anything at all. Lords and Commons were "privileged"; in neither chamber was there a press gallery; to publish a debate or any part of it was a misdemeanor; and I have in my library original reports of alleged proceedings, two hundred years ago, in which the proper names of Queen Anne's great men are printed without vowels and so disguised. The theory was that the nation put itself under a Parliamentary trusteeship, that any publicity permitted by Parliament was a favor, and that while every citizen should know the law, no citizen could claim to know how the law was made.

With the development of newspapers, such privacy was bound to be swept away. Members themselves, being human, began to publish their speeches, and men like Dr. Johnson were employed to summarize and, if need be, to improvise each day's eloquence. When the present Houses of Parliament were designed by Sir Charles Barry, provision was made in both chambers for a Press Gallery, with ample writing rooms attached, and also dining rooms, while, of course, there are now all the paraphernalia of telephones, telegraphs and tickers. Unless typewriters have been introduced since I left, three years ago, they are still taboo. After all, in adopting improvements, England must draw the line somewhere!

Still, even to-day, there is the old sense that the pressman is a

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highly honored interloper, whose ticket or passport must be signed and countersigned by the Lord Chamberlain and the Sergeant-at-Arms, and foreigners have been as rigidly debarred entrance to the gallery as they used to be from Japan. Some *tojin* scribes are, I believe, now admitted but there is not, even to-day, anything approaching the hospitable welcome that one receives, as a pressman, when one visits Congress. There, as it seems to me, one can walk anywhere, hear anything, see everything, talk to anybody. The chambers, which are designed for space and publicity rather than for tradition and mediaeval heraldry, belong to the people of the country who enter them as they enter any other part of their property. The architecture at the Capitol is familiar throughout the United States. You find it in public libraries, in post offices, in colleges. And visiting the Capitol, you do not feel as if you were being at last admitted, after generations of struggle, into the jealously guarded but, I must add, the charming and mysterious preserves of Hatfield House or Christchurch, Oxford.

At Washington, legislators are not so much trustees as mouthpieces, instantly responsive to public opinion in the cities and towns whence they come. In neither House of Congress is there any "government" for legislators to "support" and no vote of Congress can change a government. To some extent therefore Congress appears to suffer in the press because its proceedings do not include the official statements of the Executive, which emanate from the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. In Britain, when Parliament is sitting, there is a strong demand that to Parliament first must Ministers unburden their souls of whatever good or evil they intend to do. On the other hand, there is at Washington a brisker trade than at Westminster in "specials" of speeches by Senators and Congressmen who wish thus to communicate of their activities to their friends and foes in the home State or city. In Parliament, it is against the rules to read a speech and nobody does this openly, except Ministers of the Crown, who are by nature inclined to regard themselves as superior to law-abiding mortals on back benches and have, in addition, a box (containing not "despatches" but Bibles for swearing upon) on which manuscripts may be laid. In the United States,

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where each legislator has to keep a typist employed at the public expense, speeches are often written in advance, and sent to the press. This is the custom of all public men in America, and one is much impressed, when speaking at functions, by the fact that the reporter who "covers" the event seldom writes shorthand but edits the manuscript handed to him.

Although much of the business of the Commons is done under "closure," which means that many speeches are shut out, you are not allowed to have the suppressed oration printed at public expense in *Hansard*, which corresponds to the *Congressional Record*. To give members their due, they do not usually write their speeches out. The style of the speeches is conversational and grammar is often arranged in the Press Gallery. Also, we have no custom of members selecting their favorite editorial or other literary achievement and having it printed in the Official Reports. Quotations in speeches must be read at length if they are to be reproduced.

Hansard used to contain many speeches condensed into the third person. To be reported in the first person was a compliment; at any rate in the Commons. With peers, of course, the first person singular would be only proper, and peers talk so little, and that little so slowly, that their reporter, who sits in the middle of their House, where alone you can hear their secular lordships, has little difficulty with his highly responsible duties. Acoustics in the House of Lords are poor. Only Bishops, accustomed to cathedrals, are really comfortable in their intonations. Kings usually make themselves heard, partly because they have something to say and partly because their canopy acts as a sounding board. Kings' English has been for a hundred years exquisitely enunciated. Of late years, even Commoners are allowed "verbatim," and with the report available next morning there can be no corrections of syntax. Marks of applause, laughter and so on, with interruptions, are not inserted in the report, except when some subsequent remark depends on this byplay. For instance, when the House breaks up in disorder or —as happened in the fiery days before the war—an enthusiastic member throws a leather-bound book at Mr. Churchill, some record must be made, whatever the English used.

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Except in *Hansard*, there is now no verbatim and hardly any "full" report of Parliament. One after another, newspapers have given up their special staffs of reporters and come to depend on agencies like the Associated Press or the Central News. These summaries have to suit people of all opinions and the tendency must be, therefore, to play for discretion. Where a mere fraction of what is said can alone be recorded, there is apt to be an uninteresting generalization. And, of course, men doing the work, by turns of half an hour or so, night after night, and constantly ignoring their own opinion on what is taking place, may become at times mechanical. In a sense, it is their duty so to be. One discovers, therefore, that a good many, but obscure, members "also spoke." But what they uttered is oblivion.

The fact is, of course, that we have not yet solved the problem of reporting either parliaments or public meetings. It is a task, if we could only realize it, involving the highest literary skill. Thucydides and Livy, and Caesar in his Commentaries, and the writers of the New Testament have all dealt with speeches and made them immortal. So much depends on the character and manner of the speaker. The most hopeful experiment in England was conducted by Sir Henry Lucy as "Toby, M. P." in *Punch*. His diaries of Parliament, published also as books, made Parliament live. Newly enfranchised voters became as familiar with Lords and Commons as they were with the boatraces or the Derby. Lucy's work gained much from association with the cartoonists of British politics—Sir Francis C. Gould, whose portraiture in pen and ink has been one of the most delicate achievements of its kind in the whole history of art, and Sir Harry Furniss, and Sir John Tenniel. From *Punch*, Sir Henry Lucy extended his idea of "a descriptive" to the *Daily News*, where he made great personalities live. His successor on that paper was H. W. Massingham, and I came third in the line. I am told that similar "descriptives" of Congress appear in the United States, but I must add that even in England, the descriptive has apparently fallen under the crushing weight of war. With woodpulp at famine prices, there was no room for criticism of Parliament as a drama or a game. And Parliament itself had ceased to be thus dramatic. It is no longer a place

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where a few heroes contend—Greeks against Trojans—while the chorus applauds. Parliament is now an all-star cast and everybody talks. Also a variety of topics are included in each day's bill of fare. My own view has always been that a first class "descriptive" of Parliament is the first read and most read feature of any British daily paper. Such a "descriptive" of Congress would be, I believe, more read than some of the speculative material which now occupies much space in the American press. On the other hand, Britain is closer, geographically, to her Parliament than many American States are to Washington, D. C. There are no intervening provincial legislatures. I think that Parliament is more to us and that Congress will become, every decade, a bigger reality to Americans.

The idea that Congress should concern itself with discovering and expressing public opinion rather than directing it, extends to the editorials of newspapers here. In England, we always reckon to write "leaders" the same night, on whatever may have happened earlier in the day. If a speech is delivered in the evening, we "leader" that also, so that speech and comment appear simultaneously at breakfast. What we say may be wise or foolish but it is at least immediate and we have got in our word first. The more leisurely American editors—not that I here refer to news!—take the utterances of statesmen, like the rest of us, in the morning, meditate over them at lunch, and pronounce judgment next day. It is thus a judgment that sums up what the voice of the people, so far as it is articulate, has determined. It is an opinion, from without, upon the paper, as well as an opinion, from within, upon the public. The theory in England is still that exceptional men and women—some of whom are supposed to sit in the editorial sanctum—decide what is best for the rest of us. The theory in the United States is that the decision, even from day to day, is vested in the majority. That is why American policy seems sometimes to fluctuate. It is constantly adjusted to a prevailing sentiment. There is really a government of the people, by the people, for the people—at least, this is the instinct. One sees the most powerful Presidents sometimes overruled. The White House proposes but letters and tele-

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grams from Arkansas and Ohio dispose. And these missives are addressed to Senators and Congressmen.

Neither Parliament, nor, I think, Congress has ever surrendered the right of secret debate. During the war, several such sessions were held at Westminster, the object being, of course, to prevent information reaching the enemy. Of these sessions, it has been said that nothing was uttered half so revealing to the enemy as the usual proceedings of Parliament; and as the Lords always insisted on hearing all that was told the Commons, the secrets were shared at once between thirteen hundred gentlemen and probably twice that number of wives and daughters, few if any of them blessed with the habitual discretion of us reporters. Nothing, however, was issued in writing, except a *précis*, signed by Mr. Speaker. Committees of Congress frequently sit in secret, which, perhaps, is inevitable, for the functions of these committees approximate to those of a Cabinet. Obviously, Foreign Affairs, the Navy, the Army, and Finance cannot be arranged across a table with every word and gesture told by watching scribes. Our committees are usually appointed to inquire into some innocent topic like the progress of vaccination. They are public and reporters would be very welcome, if only they would come. In the case of the Jameson Raid, there were certain telegrams between Cecil Rhodes and Hawksley, his agent in London. Those telegrams were shown to Joseph Chamberlain, who was then Colonial Secretary. They had a bearing obviously on the question whether Chamberlain did or did not know in advance of the plan for a raid. They were never produced and when the committee discussed them, it was behind closed doors.

At Westminster, Ministers of the Crown sit in Parliament and there make their announcements. By far the most interesting hour is the first in any sitting, when questions are asked and answered. Here you get, not argument, but facts or what ministerial veracity means by facts. In the old days, an inquiry on the cost of gum adhesive to postage stamps, would be answered by Gladstone, for the Treasury, impromptu, with suitable Latinity interspersed in the reply and an expression of gratitude to the Providence whereby postage stamps and especially, Sir, postage stamps that recall to us the royal lineaments of a virtuous

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and noble-minded Queen, are rendered available for an ancient and loyal nation. Answers are now written by civil service clerks, read inaudibly by statesmen and sent up afterwards to the Press Gallery, where most of them are consigned to oblivion, or "history," as much the same thing. With the time for "questions" limited now to one hour, and with a growing thirst for information on all manner of subjects, important presumably to someone or other, time has to be saved and many answers are printed, without being read to the House. This, however, is the only case, so far as I know, of the official reports of the Houses going beyond the word actually spoken.

The fact that Executive Ministers do not sit in Congress and there submit themselves to daily cross-examination has led to a very interesting custom at Washington—namely, the daily interview between correspondents there and the departments and even the President himself. The candor and courtesy, the respectful yet easy atmosphere, maintained in those conferences are equally an honor to Cabinet Officers, as servants of the nation, and to the journalists as representing the unorganized public. Apparently, it is the rarest thing for a confidence to be betrayed. And—what is even more remarkable—no objection was raised, at any rate in my own case, when, as a person of foreign status, I asked if I might attend. I was made to feel quite at home. There is, of course, the rule that Cabinet Officers—and, of course, the President—must not be quoted textually. What they say is for guidance only. You thus have the press, keenly competitive within itself, entrusted with the most delicate task of preparing opinion, of suggesting policy, of removing prejudices. And the able correspondents who thus serve the national interest occupy a place in the American Constitution, the importance of which, perhaps, has yet to be fully recognized. It is evident that when the International Conference meets at Washington, their discretion and high sense of responsibility will be subjected to an even severer test.

Finally, we have the vital bearing of Parliamentary or Congressional journalism on the freedom of the press. In Britain, the law of libel is administered in a manner generally hostile to the newspapers. If a man says he is slandered, juries usually

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agree that the benefit of the doubt should be given him and the newspaper, guilty or innocent, is penalized in costs or damages or both, as a warning not to slander anyone else. In the main, it makes the press careful, but, on the other hand, it is most difficult to get some abuses frankly exposed. But whatever is said in Parliament and—I take it—in Congress is privileged. It may be quoted without fear of legal consequences. And, in "the grand inquest of the nation," therefore, we have as a great advantage this citadel where any evil may be denounced and the denunciation published broadcast—no Court being allowed to interfere with a legal process.

P. W. WILSON.

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THE STORY OF A WHITE GUARD

BY PAUL WRIGHT

EVERY time some scrambled cable message reaches the news sheets of America telling of White upheavals in Russia or Siberia I am reminded of the adventures of Lieut. Antonoff and of his Links of Six, and automatically there rises the question, Where are they now? What has become of the countless Antonoffs of that wide land? After the Kolchak régime had collapsed and the Red power spread from the Polish border to Lake Baikal and in a modified form to the shores of the Pacific, where did they secrete themselves? Are their bones filling the wayside pits and the shallow graves such as we saw at Osa and Belebei? Or did they find adequate disguises and hiding places? Or have they made a truce with their enemies?

Lieut. Antonoff was a contradiction to the lazy generalization that all Russians are pessimists. His cheerful soul was about all that he had left from the old days. The wars had hurt him, the Bolshevik revolutions had stripped him, but still he was joyous. Because his eyes were shell-shocked he wore glasses. There was a bullet wound in his leg, or at least a fresh scar, and he walked with a limp. He never complained. The sabre that he wore was long, cumbersome and an impediment to locomotion. Antonoff laughed about it and used the edge of the blade for the sharpening of lead pencils.

Normally in winter all Russians wrap shubas about themselves and thus shut out the cold. Antonoff had no shuba, and although his absurd leather coat reached only to his hips he asserted that he was quite comfortable. Certainly he did not look comfortable. In their ragged woolen overcoats the mere recruits were more warmly dressed than he. Altogether he combined the Sybarite and Spartan. On his wrist was a gold bracelet. His undergarments even in midwinter were cotton and very white and delicate. He possessed no woolen blanket, but wrapped him-

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self in a cotton counterpane, explaining genially that the discipline of the military school where he had gained his early training in warfare had permitted the cadets just so much bed clothing and no more. It was most inadequate for those long, cold nights and certainly an American would have frozen to death in his place. Yet Antonoff was rosy cheeked and merry. His manners were exquisite.

This is his story. It may throw some light upon contemporary Russian history:

The Bolshevik attack late in the autumn of 1917 caught us totally unprepared, there in the military school at Kazan. The greater number of us died violently in the following forty-eight hours. Of course we ought to have known what was coming. Rumors of approaching trouble had reached us from every direction. Russia was broken out with Bolshevism like a muzhik with typhus, but we felt pretty safe. We numbered perhaps 1,000 cadets. The 4,000 troops in and about Kazan were the usual Russian article and proved susceptible of conversion when the evangelists of Bolshevism presented their arguments. One day those soldiers were soldiers. The next morning they were madmen, having turned Bolshevik over night. They cast off discipline, threw away their self control and went crazy for blood. In addition to their rifles they had machine guns and three-inch field pieces. The business of surrounding and capturing Kazan was managed efficiently, by some brains more highly trained than those of the fighting men who did the work.

After their main task was accomplished the Reds found vodka and drank heavily, as is the custom, becoming happy and foolish. Late at night after the second day's struggle the shooting ceased except for scattered shots now and then. About the camp fires in the streets the balalaika and the concertina became silent and the last sentimental Bolshevik singer hiccoughed, lay down and went to sleep. It was then that we crept forth from our hiding place in the cellar, we three, Andreef, Nellitzin and myself. We had seen scores of our comrades slain. We had fought for two days. We were hungry and exhausted. On hands and knees we crossed a stone-paved court yard, then slipped over a fence,

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crawled down a covered passage-way and proceeded by alleys and devious paths. We flattened ourselves into shadows and eluded the eyes of drunken sentries.

So we escaped to the woods. Our world had quite tumbled to pieces. The Reds ruled everywhere. We ourselves were wanderers and outcasts. All that night we walked through the cold, with empty bellies, and my wounded leg troubled me much. The ground was frozen hard, with a white rime of frost on the fields, but no snow. We moved rapidly, sticking to the forests where we could and avoiding the open spots.

Before the next day dawned we had put many versts between us and Kazan and were out in a district where I had friends. It was in this part of the world that I had been born and reared, and here in happier days I had served as agent for my grandfather in many dealings with the peasants. As the night was beginning to pale we approached a house that I knew well, on the edge of a village. There was the usual high board fence about it and a barnyard close at hand and a disorderly cowshed on one side. The gate was not locked or even closed. We slipped inside, and while Andreef and Nellitzin crouched in the black cavern of the cowshed I tapped on the window.

Presently old Peter appeared, rubbing his eyes and peering into the gloom of twilight. I am very fond of old Peter and his people. They obstinately stick to the fashions of their fathers. Peter himself has the hair cut low across the brow and running long about his ears, where it is bobbed like a schoolgirl's. His moustache is trimmed short and neat above his lip and his beard is chopped off square beneath his chin. He is like a saint out of a picture book. Yes, the peasants in this part of Russia are handsome and they refuse to adopt the hybrid styles you see among the farmers of Siberia. There was fear in his face as he stared at me standing there at his window, for all sorts of things were happening in the world. Presently he recognized me and smiled and then his door was opened quickly and we three refugees from Kazan were warming ourselves at the stove. In a minute the charcoal was burning under the samovar. We breakfasted on black bread and tea—on great quantities of black bread and tea.

We were safe with old Peter while we stayed hidden, but we

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dared not step outside while wearing our uniforms. So we remained many days in that crowded peasant home with him and his wife and his children and some dogs and the baby that lay in the cradle that hung from the hickory limb in the middle of the big room. Our next task was to get peasant costumes and to learn how to wear them. Peter and his sons helped at this. They showed us how to fasten on the lapti, which are sandals of woven birch bark, generally tied on with cords, and how to do a good job of walking in them. They got us peasant blouses and coarse breeches and sheepskin caps and blue linen aprons. We let our beards grow, too, as fast as they would, which perhaps was not very fast, but at any rate by the end of a week we were pretty fair peasants.

"Now we shall go back to Kazan," we said, "and see what can be done."

So back we went to Kazan, but not for long. As we entered the city it became evident that the place was unhealthful. The bodies of the slain in the big fight were all disposed of by this time, but there were fresh horrors. We passed a dead man lying in the gutter. Antonoff went over and looked at him. "It's Gregorief," said he. Gregorief had been a fellow student of ours before the catastrophe. Evidently he had escaped the first slaughter but had been recognized later as a reactionary and treated accordingly.

At a shed where bread and sausage and milk were sold we asked the old peasant woman how things were going. "Very well," said she, "but they are shooting a good many officers. Every day they shoot some. As soon as they find them they shoot them."

We held a little soviet to determine our next step. "Shall we stay around here and be shot?" asked Nellitzin, "or shall we go somewhere else until we can make a plan and accomplish something?"

"To stay here and be shot or have my head bashed in does not interest me," confessed Andreef. "I think that dead men do not accomplish a great deal."

So we went away from there for a time, but presently returned more circumspectly. We enlisted the help of some of the peas-

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ants and of some of our own kind who had ventured to remain in Kazan and gradually, in the course of days or weeks, we were able to formulate schemes which we hoped might be of some service to Russia.

In this business we and others like us in Kazan and elsewhere were aided, you understand, by the disorganized state of society. The Bolsheviki were as new at governing as we were at being outcasts. All the power and responsibility suddenly were theirs and they were a bit dazzled and stunned. Crossing sweepers and scavengers and others of such origin had been made commissars and officials of one kind or another. Now I am willing to concede that although a man may have been a scavenger or crossing sweeper his heart may be all right but surely his previous experience was not good preparation for governing. But that is the way things were going—yes, and lots of jail birds were let out of prison and made into officials, too. I am not complaining about the injustice of this inversion of the old order. The point I wish to make is that the new officials' state of mind, their deficiency in experience, was useful to us. It lightened our task.

Moreover, at this time the Bolsheviki were pretty much disorganized and were not yet perfectly sure of one another. Anybody who wore a red band on his arm could pass as a Bolshevik and be greeted with "Tovarish!"

So we set to work. It was necessary first of all to possess a system of communication, of intelligence. We needed a meeting place. Now there was a shop in one of the suburbs of Kazan that we fixed upon as a rendezvous. It was kept by an old chap who was faithful to us. There are plenty like him even in Moscow to this day. The shopkeeper sold cheap shoes and cloth and tobacco and beer, quite a miscellaneous outfit. Presently some of us were working as his assistants and a device that we adopted permitted us to transmit news among our members in broad daylight and in the face of our enemies.

If it became essential to get a message through or to be supplied with certain information a man would enter our place and order a glass of beer or a package of cigarettes. In payment he would tender a paper rouble. On this a few figures or letters in cipher would be penciled. The paper kopecks that he got in ex-

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change would bear an intimation that he was understood or else the information that he asked for would be given, also in cipher. This simple scheme lasted for a long time and was most useful, although something happened to it in the end.

Thus we in Kazan and elsewhere began the work of organizing the "White Guards," which was a name given us by the Bolsheviki, who I suppose liked to keep up the color distinction. Once the work was started there were plenty of volunteers.

The Reds continued pretty drunk and much disorganized, which was to our benefit. So long as they were drinking freely we felt comparatively safe. It was not long before we had some 200 members in Kazan and established connections with our colleagues in Moscow. And this brings me to my story of the Links of Six.

In those days the Links of Six were the nuclei of the White forces in Kazan and Moscow and elsewhere. They operated simply and effectively. It was the custom that every man who was proved loyal to the cause should secure five volunteers, each of whom was required to swear that he would serve honestly and never betray his mates. The five men knew nobody at all in the organization except the other four men in their link and their common leader. Thus any one man could betray only five men at most and the bulk of the society was perfectly safe. A somewhat greater responsibility rested upon the shoulders of the leader of each link. He knew at least the identity of one man who was a member of another group of six.

I am divulging no secret when I say that this system of Links of Six still exists among the Whites who are working against the Reds. The Reds know about it, but they recognize the impossibility of destroying such an organization. If a man discovers that he has been betrayed he must hurry away, if he can, and get into territory controlled by loyal Russian troops. And this explains why I am here now, instead of being at work in Kazan. I was betrayed and had to fly. The name of the traitor I know. He is not so engaged any more, as he has been hanged by my friends.

Our immediate object was to spy upon the Bolsheviki and get their plans and then carry the information wherever it would

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do the most good. Furthermore we were to damage as much as possible the work of the Reds and agitate and spread White propaganda among them. We who were engaged in this dangerous enterprise were mostly former officers, students and other volunteers. We were not working for pay, but because we had before us an ideal, the saving of Russia. The Reds, on the other hand, were always working for money.

In Kazan we were looking forward to an uprising in which we should throw off the yoke of the enemy and therefore we had to get arms. One of the methods occasionally used at first was not pleasant. Three men would be sent out at night to entrap a Red who was walking his beat or standing guard. One of the three approached from in front and asked for a match, and while the sentry was complying something would happen to him from behind and the poor fellow's rifle and ammunition would be seized as he fell. I am glad to say that this grewsome process was abandoned presently. It was a good deal more congenial to any man of cultivated tastes to buy the weapons outright from the Bolshevik soldiers. They were generous fellows in some respects, and for quite a while it was possible to purchase machine guns from them for 25 or 30 roubles. These we would pack in tea boxes and carry to our store.

After a few weeks we had a considerable stock of revolvers, rifles and cartridges. The Reds knew that our little arsenal existed and they hunted for it eagerly and often. They searched the room that I was staying in, and even tore the paper from the wall, looking for some secret hiding place. Probably they would have shot me on suspicion, as they shot a good many of my friends in those days, except that I was something of a cripple and when there was a likelihood of being observed I was too badly hurt even to walk. I had a doctor's certificate, too. At any rate, here I am.

In addition to the ciphers already mentioned we had a way of writing code words on freight cars that traveled over the country. In any given city our members would know just where to look for the symbols of our brotherhood written elsewhere.

Our men were sent into villages—you understand that all of rural Russia has its population in villages instead of scattered

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houses on the farms—to agitate for the good of Russia. In so doing we were but adopting the Bolshevik tactics and applying them against the Reds.

The best and most skillful of our bands were sent into the Soviet itself, as servants or commissars of one kind or another. There they would buy drinks and make friends and overhear secrets. Oh, we knew everything! Enough money was coming in for our needs and our enterprise was succeeding admirably. Nevertheless we were careful. Even in that period of success not one of us would recognize another in a restaurant or on the street. The only time when one man openly knew another was when we held our meetings in some carefully concealed gathering place at night.

Meanwhile the Anarchists had succeeded in getting a strong organization, perhaps as many as 10,000 men. They had houses all over Moscow. The Bolsheviki were friendly to them and supplied them with rifles. At about this time I went to Moscow and attended one of the Anarchist meetings. The hall was full of sailors and ragged fellows waiting for the appearance of their chief. Presently he entered, the head man of that division of Anarchists. He was educated. He talked well. In his remarks and those that followed the no-government plan of the Anarchists was freely discussed. This, however, is aside from my main story.

Events in Russia were rapidly approaching another crisis. In December of 1917 or January of 1918—I cannot state with confidence which it was—the Reds showed signs that they knew it was time to protect themselves. They acted promptly. Fighting began immediately. The Bolsheviki bombarded the Kremlin with three-inch guns, but even with all their artillery they might have lost out except for a clever trick. In fact, things were going pretty well for the Whites when the Reds sprang their ruse—they telephoned to every house in which we White guards had quarters, and gave what you Americans call a "tip," or maybe a "bad steer." Anyway, it was false information to the effect that the time had come for us to flee.

So we did. We got out of Moscow in a great hurry and it was not until the little group of myself and comrades had reached Kazan again that we learned how the messages had been sent

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out by the Bolsheviki in order to get rid of us. It was that episode that gave us the nickname of "Rabbits," because we had run away. But we were not the only ones frightened in those days; Lenin himself, you remember, was driven out of Moscow.

The time was now coming when Kazan was to see me no more and when I was to take no further part in the plottings and plannings of the Links of Six. For a time, however, I served the cause in a village some 200 versts from Kazan. I was ostensibly a buyer of that coarse fiber matting that is used for protecting freight in transit. The British government wanted the material and certain papers bearing the stamp of the British consulate were some help and protection, for the British were not yet out of Russia. This village was the headquarters of the Bolshevik staff on the eastern front. I bought vodka for the officers and was popular. Also I made friends with the peasants, and spread White propaganda among them.

By this time the winter of 1917–1918 had passed. The snow lasted until about Easter and then went off with a great hurry and the spring was there, with swollen streams and warm winds and fields bursting with the little flowers. That is the way spring comes in Russia—violently, like a peasant making love. And with the spring there came the 26th of May. We had quantities of arms buried in the cemeteries and elsewhere for use at the proper moment. It was to be the great day of the rebirth of a White Russia. But the Reds learned of our plans and suddenly became very zealous. They were shooting as many as twenty White officers a day. It was at this entirely inauspicious moment that I returned to Kazan, where my face and figure were already too well known.

We were in a garden behind a house in Kazan. The fruit trees were blossoming, the birds were singing and we were smoking cigarettes and planning what we should do when Russia was once more restored. There were six of us, my little Link of Six. It was the last time we should meet. Nellitzin and Andreef were with me and three others. We were very happy.

And then the soldiers with red bands on their arms began popping up behind the fence, behind and on each side of us. They boiled over upon us, very much as a pot of mush can boil over

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on a hot fire. They shot and jabbed with bayonets. Two of the men were pinioned to the ground with bayonets, making a very unpleasant sight.

But at that the job was botched. Four of us escaped. The man who betrayed us—his name was Garacheff—was hanged a little later, so that account is closed.

We dashed into the house and into the cellar. There we slid into a passage-way beneath the wooden sidewalk in front of the house. The householder shoveled beets against the little door while the Bolsheviki were following us in, and by the time they discovered the method of our escape, if they ever did, we were far away from there.

We scattered. Neither Nellitzin nor Andreef nor yet the third colleague have I seen from that time to this.

And that ended my connection with the Links of Six, although my intimate acquaintance with the Bolsheviki was by no means finished. Within an hour I had found a friend and temporary shelter.

You know how we Russians are devoted to our "documents." Without documents you can do nothing in Russia and with them you can do anything except raise the dead, and even that might be possible. So I made myself some documents telling what a fine fellow I was and I stamped them beautifully with a three-kopeck piece and the soot from a burned match. They were simple but effective. They were too effective. They won me a journey in a first class car with some Red commissars to a town called Inza, where I proceeded to put my head into a noose. The Reds in Kazan had telegraphed my description in all directions, showing admirable foresight. It was something I had not thought of. And when I stepped from the train at Inza I was arrested.

There was only one question then. Should they shoot me at once or hold me a while and take me back to Kazan, where perhaps I might be persuaded to give some information? They were willing to shoot me without delay, but perhaps they hated to deprive Kazan of the pleasure. At any rate they wired to Kazan for instructions and proceeded to thrust me into the compartment of a car until the reply should come.

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In a socket over the doorway, where once there had been an incandescent globe, a candle burned dimly, lighting both my compartment and the corridor outside, where the two guards loafed and chatted. For an hour or two I lay in the lower berth and debated my course and hoped that the reply from Kazan would be delayed at least until I could attend to certain things for myself.

By midnight my guards were heavy with sleep, but I put my head out through the doorway and said sharply: "Be quiet, you! Why are you keeping me awake?" Thereupon I closed the door and heard the sentries stretching themselves out close in front of it. They considered me perfectly safe, as there was but the one door to the compartment. You know that the windows in Russian cars are never opened. They are used for nothing but letting the light through. It never occurred to my guards that a window could be used for anything else.

For half an hour longer I lay quiet. The sentries snored. I rose and crouched in front of the window, standing on the little table that is universal in these cars, where it serves as a step-ladder to the upper berths.

Then I went through, smashing out the glass with my elbow and following, all in a bunch, and whirling down through the darkness.

The gravel proved to be soft and I doubled back under the car while my jailers shot foolishly at the spots where they supposed I might be.

There were freight cars on the next track and beyond were the forest and freedom.

PAUL WRIGHT.

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ON READING ALOUD

BY MURIEL HARRIS

Is reading aloud merely a dead-and-gone Victorian manifestation with green rep for its shroud, mahogany for its coffin, a chandelier to toll its parting? Does it belong in an age in which stuffed birds and woolwork have only now achieved the romance of history? Was it even then just a fashion, or was it also the expression of a period which, beside the gross materialism of mechanical invention, the sanctity of possession, yet had a sense of direction, of uplift, a sense, perchance, of rightness, upon which a humbler—even a humiliated—world to-day looks back upon with awe and wonder? For, despite the Darwins and the Huxleys, the Victorian era was an era of belief. Even the Victorian atheist *believed* that there was no God. Belief in science was itself a religion. The arid doctrine of Mill filled his disciples with faith in rationalism, while the Ruskins, the William Morrises, the Passmore Edwardses, believed, actually believed—and thousands believed with them—in a humanity which could be reached by the good, the true, the beautiful, were it only set before them. The Oxford movement, the sanctity of work, the worthwhileness of things (even the smallest things), the struggles of the pre-Raphaelites, the Comtists, the Tolstoys, the Thackerays, to get back to first principles, long overlaid by smothering convention, all these things constituted a new faith in man, in the regeneration of man. And with the regeneration of man came the regeneration of woman. And with the regeneration of woman came the education movement, the bringing of the library into the drawing-room. The Lydia Languishes of this world dropped out. Reading aloud came into its own again from the days of Milton. And if it sometimes was but a competitor with water-color drawing and woolwork, and even a loser beside the art of getting married and having an establishment, yet there it was—a means of communication and expansion in the Victorian home, a garden gateway to

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the flowers of the mind. In so far as it reached its apotheosis in the Victorian era, thus far was reading aloud a Victorian institution; in so far as it was one of the signs of a great revival, just so far did it express the expansion of the strait Victorian soul.

There were of course many causes for the universality of reading aloud in the cultured Victorian home. The rise of the English novel alone produced a picture of life, easily understood by the many, with the popularity of which perhaps the cinematograph to-day alone is comparable. The Victorian era had at its disposal all the harvest of the great preceding century, from the strong meat of *Tom Jones* to the delicate flavor of *The Vicar of Wakefield*. For the hyper-refined, there was that paragon, Sir Charles Grandison. For the young-lady public of the circulating library, who more entrancing than "Evelina"? The hope, the romance, the belief of the nineteenth century itself, were reflected by the Reades, the Eliots, the Stevensons, the Daudets, the Brontës, and a score of others. Nor was the edge taken off the appetite for literature by the hors d'oeuvre of the short story or the magazine. Fanny Burney was read at length in every home. Victor Hugo might have written ten great volumes of *Les Miserables* instead of five. The Dickens numbers made every bosom palpitate in the little towns which watched for them at the weekly readings. And they might go on and on, so eagerly were they read, like the stories of the paladins in the Sicilian puppet-shows, on every winter evening—ending with a snap at the critical point, whetting the appetite for more—not unlike the serial detective stories on the cinematograph, which always leave the young woman in mid-air or mid-water until the following performance. Not the eagerly expected war-books or sensational revelations from the Versailles Conference ever created a public such as that of the Victorian drawing-room, eagerly awaiting the evening reading.

Reading aloud of course opened a door to women far more than to men. While the novel held the floor, educated women, who are now old, will tell you that most of their education was derived from reading aloud after dinner or after tea. And where you are expert in economics or social history, they will know their Gibbon and disapprove of Ferrari; and where

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you are an enthusiast for "vers libre," they will know their Scott, their Tennyson, and, above all, their Browning; possibly, too, their Homer and their Vergil. And where you will flaunt your personal freedom and plain-speaking, they will suggest the dignity, the poise, of their own generation, the flavor of its reticences, the sense of human dignity which belongs to their generation. Perhaps the past is always golden. What was—what is—really the magic of reading aloud?

One thing it is not. It is not theatrical. Actors rarely read well, because they are too personal. The reader who endeavors by his expression to interpret character is intolerable, a bore. For one thing, he is usurping the function of the author, plagiarizing his descriptions and explanations. On the other hand, personal traits in reading—really personal to the person and not to the character—sometimes can lend ineffable charm. It may be the way the hand holds the book; the way the reader settles himself to read. Perhaps it is a lace ruffle, a cameo bracelet, a trick of nervousness in starting. Sometimes it is a humorous intonation. "*And* the Lord said unto Moses," read the Squire and invariably cleared his throat after getting an impetus by accentuating the *and*. Everybody would have missed that "*and*." There was something solid and comforting about it. You knew where you were. And it was above all entirely personal—unlike the convention of the Dickens reader, whose regular sentimentalities were on a level with the "little che-ild" of the melodrama and soft music and the like. The professional reader is rarely a success just because he has not the opportunity to convey this personal impression. Voice again counts enormously, but rather in a negative sense. It is the forgetting of the voice that counts, not its emphasis. And this is perhaps natural in that the complete merging of the book and the reader produces a single effect, which would be confused by the existence of a double element. Most readers gravitate naturally towards the books in which they are most able thus to merge themselves. While a man will read Shaw, a woman will read Trollope. Two of the best readers in England were Dr. John Bridges and Mrs. Frederic Harrison. The one read Jacobs and history; the other, *Framley Parsonage* and *Sir Charles Grandison*. I have to-day an

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unforgettable vision of the dashing Lady G. and her "marmoset," of the "sprightly and accomplished Miss Byron," who could never, never, be persuaded to name the day, who only at Grandmamma Selby's "Harriet—my love" stepped forward, blushing to tread a measure with Sir Charles. And it is unforgettable because it is interwoven with a personality, gracious, dignified, steeped in French and English Memoirs, with a background of Turner and the France of the Seventies and Herbert Spencer and Thiers and Garibaldi and the rest; because it recalls a beautiful voice and an atmosphere of books and old china, the flashing of an emerald ring, endurance, self-restraint—an odd mixture of gentleness and iron, those Victorian women—of ignorance too, and of accomplishment as we understand it to-day. An odd mixture, once more, of prudishness and broad-mindedness, which could comfortably read *Tom Jones* aloud, but as imperturbably say "um—um" as it skipped the undesirable pages. Not one of them could have understood a Stock Exchange transaction and their minds had been trained to close automatically at the sound of the word "business." But most of them spoke French beautifully, and many of them could listen with pleasure to Goldoni in the original. Most of them could converse easily with the foreigner, and there was far less of the barrier of nationality which to-day obscures our meanings. And it came out in their reading, for they read with a background not merely of national but of international culture; it came out in the modulation of their voices, and it came out in their presence, tranquil, reticent, self-possessed.

In an age of haste, leisureliness is become a charm—a charm that is kept in a museum, to be sure, but a charm none the less. It had its dull side, counted in the stitches of the woolwork and patchwork, of which the merit was that they took years to finish. But while the dulness is forgotten, the fragrance remains; also a certain stateliness. Leisureliness has a measure, a rhythm, while haste stumbles and wastes. Leisureliness has values; there is no value in haste—only a lack of poise. And reading aloud had of all things to be leisurely—as leisurely as a patchwork quilt or curtains of the finest netting. It had to have time for the savoring. Possibly, like other appreciations, it helped in the creation

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of good writing. Dear Fanny Burney must have responded to the Piozzis of her day; certainly George Eliot expanded in the sun of universal appreciation. When Dickens was a household word, there was something worth while for which to write—very different from our hurried fluttering of pages, when beloved books no longer open of themselves at a love-scene of a Rochester and Jane, or the three-cornered duel of a Marryat. It was cause and effect and effect and cause, the two acting and reacting upon each other to the greater stimulus both of reading and of writing.

The mere charm of words is underrated to-day. Half our words are never pronounced at all except in conversation. The amazing verbal subtleties and rightnesses of a Stevenson, a Conrad, are lost—most of them—in the haste and the silence in which they are read. We never hear them with their rhythm and their shading—the same rhythm which attracts old gentlemen to mouth the *Æneid* with gusto to a non-appreciative second and third generation. Perhaps this subsidence of the poet from the palmy days of Victorianism to the straggling efforts at revival of our day is in some measure due to the decline in reading aloud and the growing meaninglessness of such phrases as "the music of words." Only the few know how to read poetry at all, because they think it must be declaimed, shouted, chanted, danced, anything but read. And thus we never get the full translation of the author's mind. The Victorian periods, measures, seem to us ridiculous, and we have transferred them, say, to dancing, which gets all the color and the rhythm, and in its turn, perhaps, will become as meaningless. For words need to be used, to be articulated. Beautiful speech, beautiful voice modulation, is hardly ever an affair of nature alone, certainly not of deliberate neglect. Words form an instrument to which constant practice alone gives results. And there is the measure of the thing as well. Just as the Paladin puppet-shows and cinematographs alike recognize the need for stimulating by restraint, so with reading aloud, there are restraining limits, a beginning and an end, a time and a place, most of all a personality, without which the pleasure vanishes. There is no sitting up all night to finish it: dramatic, but feverish; delicious but self-indulgent; accounting for the unsatisfactoriness of many an end. Books cannot be spoilt, even with the increas-

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ingly long sessions, by a peeping at the end, a rude prying into the author's intention, before he wishes to disclose it. Courtesy towards the author has at least something to do with the charm of his book, and here the reader is omnipotent, and can manipulate his climaxes, keeping you breathless as D'Artagnan rides to the coast; or he can so suppress himself that his own dryness underlines George Birmingham's whimsical humor and his inimitable portrayal of the Irish character. Reading aloud holds the listener up, restrains him, cultivates his zest, and then rewards his restraint and anticipation in full measure. Who does not know the cold dead feeling of finishing to yourself a book that was begun aloud, the deadness, the loss of color and relief? It involves all the difference between seeing the sights with a lover, and seeing them with Baedeker. And then there are the other listeners, too. Crowd psychology comes in here. There is a difference between listening to a book alone, and listening to it mirrored equally in the appreciations of other people. Here again this raises all the values, doubles the reflections, makes the book as intensely living as it is possible for it to be.

Apart from its intrinsic qualities, there is no doubt that reading aloud is associated with traditions which color and captivate our imaginations. Nineteenth-century scholarship read aloud with zest, and nineteenth-century scholarship has no mean roll of names. And then—Tennyson used to read his own works down at Blackdown, with its purple-crowned heights and its wide view of the Sussex Weald. Christina Rossetti read her poems, and charming Grant Allen his stories. At Rye, city of the fairy-tales, or at his flat on the Chelsea Embankment, Henry James would utter himself to a select few. Old Archbishop Whateley educated his "accomplished" daughters by reading to them aloud; while in the families of the Lushingtons, the Hobhouses, the Trevelyans, reading aloud was part of the day's routine. And always it was associated with those mellow firelit hours after tea, with the Victorian drawing-rooms, whether of Winterhalter or of William Morris, of willow-patterns, or of fret-work and white marble. And you traced idly the roses on the Aubusson carpet, or the hawthorne of the china vase, or—yes, it must be admitted—the plush snake round the bottom of the glass-cased clock, and you

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watched the lamplight shine softly on a silver head, or light up the "Salve Roma" of a Victorian bracelet; and—yes—there was a perfume, too, of warmth and flowers and leaves of old books and scented leather; and all unconsciously, you wove them into stories of the worldly Archdeacon Grantley and his daughter Griselda, of Mrs. Proudie, for whose downfall you longed, but lamented when it came; of windmill fighters and Micawbers equally, of the romance of the Victorian age and the realism of the Edwardian; of Shaw and his Other Island—and a hundred others. And forevermore the stories became inseparable from that golden border-land where perhaps, alone, different generations can meet as one; inseparable from a special winter's evening when the red curtains were drawn early; inseparable from the moment when at last you hurried up to dress, still walking on clouds which remained substantial till the next ones displaced them. Reading aloud still exists, and *Caesar and Cleopatra* has a place with *Julius Caesar*. But so much exists besides. There is the making of many stories easily obtainable; there is the transformation of the school into something more like home, yet not like home, in which reading aloud has a place, though a different place. There is the greater knowledge of actual facts with less left to the imagination, and with it, the unutterably perplexing task of selection. So that reading aloud is far more of a function than an art; more definitely educational than just enjoyable; a competitor—generally at a disadvantage—with the quicker methods of the cinematograph, of nature-study, of reading alone; a little old-fashioned in a world of the entirely new. And so it has fallen away, and some of its magic has gone, and it actually does belong to a period which can never be real again. Its personalities are less personal and its coloring is less mellow, and those who enjoyed it realize that while it remains, its atmosphere has gone. At its best, it belongs now to those "good old times" which none of us ever appreciated until they were gone.

MURIEL HARRIS.

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OUTRE MER

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

I've never visited that land
Of slow sweet things
Beyond the sea;
Her shores with stores of memories rich and grand
Still wait for me;
Yet I need only close my eyes
And I can see
Her honey-colored planets rise in skies
Where day's delight to night still clings,
And shadows falling like a dream
Along some Andalusian stream
That sleeps and sings;
And I can feel the airs that steal
Like heavy bees above some garden wall
Where orange trees stand tall and all
Their gold reveal,
And watch the hours like flowers that bloom and fall
In old Castile.

O loveliness that must be Spain,
Why do you rise for me so plain
And call my fancy so?
Familiar always and all fair,—
Is it because once long ago
I had a castle there?

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THE OUTCAST

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

I have no place to keep you any more;
Your shrine is broken; on the sagging door
And on the window, too,
The dampness gathers and the ivy clings,
And there the little bird that sways and sings
Sings of his nest, not you.
The music that was yours has trailed away,
Gone with the incense and the dripping light
That stained your forehead where you stood all white.
I cannot put you in the noisy day;
What would you make of all its jangling strings—
You whom the silence cherished and the night
Touched with slow moving wings?

If I could build anew
The broken beauty where you dwelt before,
And watch the moonlight stealing in to pray,
Just as it used to do,
I know my dreams would come again and say
The orisons they knew;
But life that gives so much will scarce restore
At all or gather back the dust she flings,
Or make new homes again for homeless things;—
I have no place to keep you any more.

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THE DOLL

BY AMY LOWELL

You know, my Dear, I have a way, each Summer
When leaves have changed from ecstasies in green
To something like a crowd with raised umbrellas
Pushing for places at a theatre door,
Whenever there's a reasonable wind—
And when there isn't, why I think it's worse,
They droop so underneath the copper sun
Sitting upon them like a metal cover;
I think the trees look positively tired
Holding the mass of them up all the time.
Well, as I say, when every breeze is smothered
By heavy, lagging leaves on dusty trees,
And all I smell is asphalt and hot tar,
And motor horns destroy the moonlight nights,
I pack myself, and some stray sheets of music,
Into a train and hie me to South Norton.
I came from there, and little drowsy town
Although it is, I still go back (or used to)
And find it with a narrow odd contentment
As grey and glistening as it always was,
Some of it painted, some a silver shimmer
Of weathered clapboards melting to decay.
There always is a blaze of Summer flowers
Cramming the dooryards, stocks and portulaca,
And golden glow above the first floor windows,
And China asters mixed with marigolds.
White paint looks very well indeed behind them
And green blinds, always down, you understand,
South Norton people will not risk the daylight
Upon their best room furniture, and really
When you possess an inlaid teak-wood table,
With mother-of-pearl and ebony in squares,
And on it, set precisely in their order,
Stand ivory chess-men, red and white, the queens
A pair of ancient Maharanies copied

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To every quaintness of their grand attire
And not a button or embroidery
Skimped by the Hindu carver; when your chairs
Are waxed as never chair is waxed to-day,
And there are corners lit by golden silks,
And mandarin fruit-dishes in high glass cupboards,
Perhaps you may at least be half forgiven
For only opening the room for weddings
Or when some guest from Boston comes to call.
I have called often in such drawing-rooms,
Confused at first by coming from the dazzle
Of a white August sea, and almost groping
To find my hostess in the green-blind dusk,
While all the time my nose was being grateful
For the great puffs of pot-pourri and cloves,
The gusts of myrrh, and sandal-wood, and ginger
Invisibly progressing up and down.
These scented rooms are just a paraphrase
Of something penetrant, but never clear,
Never completely taken nor rejected,
Unrealized flotsam of the tides of trade;
And these frail, ancient ladies are like tea-dust
Left in the bottom of a painted chest,
Poor fluttering souls, surrounded by their "things,"
Oblivious of the sea which brought them here.
My Dear, I prose, you really must not let me,
For after all I have something to say.
I never make these duty calls until
My music lessons are a week away
And each day's mail is stuffed with pupils' letters
Asking for dates and prices, then I go
The rounds and drink a dish of tea with each
Old fragile chrysalis and so come home.
For many years I've always ended up
With the two Misses Perkins. They were a whiff
Of eighteen-forty, and I rather liked
To talk to them and then come back and play
Debussy, and thank God I had read Freud;
The contrast was as genial as curry.
I only wish that I could make you see them,
Their garden path with spice-bushes and lilacs,
The scraper by the door, the polished knocker,
And then the hall with the model of a clipper
Upon a table in a square glass case.

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She is a replica of the *Flying Dolphin*
And Captain Perkins made her on a voyage
Of eighteen months to China and Ceylon.
Miss Julia just remembers when he brought
The model home and put it where it stands.
I always laid my gloves upon the table
Just by the clipper's stern, and stood my sunshade
Against the corner, and tiptoed up the stairs.
Miss Perkins was an invalid, for years
She had not left her bed, so I was summoned
Up slippery stairs and over cool, long matting
Into her room, and there in a great four-poster
The little lady would greet me with effusion.
"Clara, Dear, how good of you to come!
Julia and I were wondering if you would.
You'll have a cake and a small glass of sherry.
Hannah will bring them in directly. Now,
How is the music getting on? To think
You play at concerts! Julia and I read
About your triumphs in the newspapers."
And all the time, behind the house, the sea
Was moving—moving—with a long slow sound.
I could not hear it, but I clung to it,
For naturally this room looked on the street.
It was a pretty room with bright glazed chintz,
And Naples bay in staring blue gouache,
Flanked by Vesuvius at night, both pictures framed
In peeling gold. Upon the mantelpiece
Were silhouettes: the Captain and his wife,
Miss Perkins and Miss Julia in pantalettes,
A china bear for matches, and a clock
Suspended between alabaster pillars.
But what I never could keep long from seeing
Was a large wax doll, dressed in the Paris fashion
Of sixty years ago, with a lace tippet
And much flounced skirt over a crinoline,
Upright in a winged arm-chair by the bed.
She sat and gazed with an uncanny ardor
Straight at the andiron, her hands palms upward,
Her feet in heelless slippers wide apart.
She fascinated me. Those blue glass eyes
Had an unearthly meaning, staring straight
Before her in her faded finery.
I had to draw a chair up from the wall,

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For never did Miss Perkins or Miss Julia
Suggest that I should sit in the winged chair.
I found my mind all drawn upon a focus,
I thought wax doll and very nearly said so,
And I am very much afraid I missed the point
Of one or two quite artless little sallies.
They never said a word, and I with rigor
Suppressed my curiosity and merely listened
With sometimes half a mind and sometimes none.
I drank the sherry and I eat the cake,
I kissed Miss Perkins when I came to go,
Bending over the bed, my skirt just touching
The doll, I think, and then the call was over.
Of course at first the thing made no impression.
I thought they had been clearing out the attic
And come upon the doll; but when each year
She was still sitting there, I grew to dread
Encountering her, she seemed so full of tales,
Tell-tales of maiden ladies left alone
With still things on the walls and mantelpieces
And nothing moving round them but the sea
Kept out of reach beyond the matted entry.
One year, in early April, coming in
All flushed with having played Moussorgski's "Pictures"
To an enthusiastic audience,
I found a black-edged letter on my table,
Miss Julia writing that "Dear Sister Jane
Had passed away, she wanted me to know."
The words were quaintly quiet and resigned,
The slim and pointed writing very calm,
But still there seemed a wistful hint of dread.
I knew, in fact, Miss Julia was alone.
I wrote—oh, what one always writes, the things
One does not think, and does not want to think.
I sent the letter, and the answer came
As slim, and pointed, and reticent as ever.
And that was all until I reached South Norton.
Of course I went at once to see Miss Julia.
She greeted me beside the clipper-ship,
And there was something grim about that vessel
Placidly sailing on its painted waves
With coffins passing through the door beside it,
From time to time, while nothing ever came.

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I wondered what would be its fate; some junk-shop
Probably, when Miss Julia too had gone.
Poor soul, she seemed to flicker with excitement
And sorrow all in one. The great importance
Of doing something which was not commanded
Appeared in vague authoritative gestures,
Which seemed but half controlled and faded off
Into a quiver of movement so pathetic
It made me want to cry. She begged me
To go upstairs. "I cannot bear to be
In any other room but Jane's," she told me.
"I've sat there so much with her, quite ten years
It was she did not leave it." So we mounted
The broad old stairs, and softly trod the matting
Walking gently as in a house of mourning.
I was resentful, it was four full months
Since I had got that lonely little letter.
Was this a mausoleum? Was Miss Julia
To find her only company with ghosts?
The gaudy paper of the narrow hallway,
Flashing its minarets to a sapphire Heaven
Seemed to be mocking us with Eastern splendor,
With Eastern customs and an Eastern languor.
The conch shells roared a siren song of oceans,
Flanking the newel posts, as we passed by them.
Miss Jane's room was a lovely blaze of sunlight,
The empty bed was orderly and sane,
The Bay of Naples gladdened without hurting.
I shook myself free of the swarming stillness
And saw with satisfaction that the chair,
The doll chair, had been moved, it stood beside
The window with its back toward the room.
Why did I walk up to it? I don't know.
Some feeling that the usualness of streets
Comes kindly over a long spent emotion
Perhaps. At any rate, I did so, saying
How bright and gay the portulacas were,
Or something of the sort. And then I started
To sit down in the chair and saw the doll
With palms stretched out and little slippered feet
Pointing before her. There she sat, her eyes
Fixed glassily upon the window-pane.
I may have jumped, at any rate Miss Julia
Flushing a painful pink said steadily:

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"It was so dull for her after Jane died,
I moved her here where she could see the street.
It's very comforting to watch the passing,
I think. I always find it so." That's all.
I don't know how the visit went, nor what
I said, nor where I sat. I only know
I took the train that evening back to town
And stayed up half the night playing Stravinski.
I dreamt wax doll for three weeks afterwards,
And I shall go to London this vacation.

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CARL SPITTELER, POET-CITIZEN

BY F. V. KEYS

A TALL figure, of dignified bearing; a noble head; a physiognomy in which humor and irony have traced their lines, but which is first and last that of the thinker and which only now, after seventy years of living, has achieved its distinctive beauty: such was Carl Spitteler, as he rose to acknowledge the tributes paid him at the banquet given in his honor at Geneva in the autumn of 1915. Striking as he was to the eye, the individual confronting so quietly the tumultuous plaudits impressed one mainly by his personality, one that coupled strength with sensibility, in which fortitude and gentleness had grown into the benignant humanity of a slow-maturing nature, whose roots had struck deep.

The applause endured; it would not end. It was a unique gathering, at once intimate and brilliant, where the genius of a nation was met to do homage to the greatest among them. Hodler and Jaques-Dalcroze were there, and other returned sons from over the French border. The note of a spiritual homecoming was in the air, the deep throb with which grown men recur to old currents of feeling, to those first things which are also last things. From the frescoed walls of the hall of the Arquebuse old heroes of the people, and their eternal allies, the Great Mountains, seemed to share in the stirring of all that was most excellent and strong in the *pietas* of Switzerland, "venerable Mother and incorruptible Guardian of the freedom of nations," as the phrase ran in the tribute from the French League of the Rights of Man. For throughout the evening, letters and telegrams were coming in, from the simple message of a group of Swiss privates on guard at their mountain post on the frontier, to the eloquent homage of great universities, of poets and philosophers, from the French Academy, from the Sorbonne and the College de France, from Boutroux and Bergson, from Rostand, Maeterlinck, Verhaeren: all united in their tribute to the "high

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and illustrious poet," and to the "passionate lover of truth and justice, the apostle of human dignity and independence." Small wonder that the applause endured, that it would not end! For none was there who did not feel, in the presence of Spitteler, a throb deeper, purer than even that which means love of poetry or of country, which is the response to one who has shown that greatness of soul which is one of the rarest prerogatives of humanity.

He began to speak, in French, with a Russian accent. Few words, and simple; the right words. Humorous irony played over strong emotion like a sunlit breeze that hides the depths of the pool whose surface it stirs. He exaggerated his aloofness, his ignorance of local interests, so that he might stress more strongly his sense of the generosity of his hosts who have offered to him, the stranger, the priceless gift of their sympathy; a gift for which he thanks them, as for happiness itself. Certain morose friends of his had expressed misgivings of a possible "political" coloring to this occasion. They probably meant "patriotic." "My whole so-called political career (which I do not regret) computes, out of a term of seventy years, precisely one hour and ten minutes. That hour, unique and exceptional, has no continuation, for I have nothing either to add or to retract." Possibly a certain act of his—merely the saying of something that needed to be said—may have commended him to them. If so, there is no harm in it. On the contrary,—"I congratulate myself on it. And I congratulate you." But he prefers to see in this occasion neither politics, nor even patriotism, but rather something else: "the religious love, the profound regard, because inborn and traditional, of the Latin race for the beautiful and sublime: in its kind, for poetry." They have come together in all disinterestedness, as to a love-feast. . . . Their precious amity he had neither thought of, nor solicited, nor expected. "It has been for me an immense and delicious surprise. . . . I beg you, *aimables Welches*, to keep your friendship for me to my end."

Words not without their searching pathos, uttered by a man of seventy to compatriots who had only just found him, thanks to an act which, in the dark hour of perplexity, had liberated the moral impulses and precipitated the spiritual solidarity of his

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nation. Words fraught moreover with a vast human significance, inasmuch as they were spoken by one whose mother-tongue was German to fellow-nationals whose mother-tongue was French; proving that even at that dark moment patriotism could maintain itself above the ignoble fetishism of so-called race, on the serene plane of the community of political ideals, preserved by centuries of common sacrifice, dearer to steadfast men than the ties of kin and language.

The award to Spitteler of the Nobel prize for poetry has now consummated the poetic justice so late vouchsafed him by his contemporaries. The future historian, if he also be a humanist, will recognize in this poet one of the most significant figures on the scene of this strange eventful century.

In an exquisite little book, published early in 1914, Spitteler has told the story of his first five years. In its rare blending of the impressions of maturity with those of the dawn of consciousness, it suggests comparison with the reminiscences lately published by Anatole France, in spite of the divergence of the Parisian scene from the Arcadian simplicity that surrounded the cradle of Spitteler with "abundance of grass, and of love." For him the little town of Liestal, capital of the half-canton Basel-land, where he was born April 24, 1845, and where his father held office as *statthalter*, meant the dark old brewery of his maternal grandfather, with its wonderful hillside at the back, its meadows, yards, and out-houses; the dwelling-house with its little-frequented inn-parlor, where his grandmother on the dark, stormy winter days spun for him the magic web of legend and fairy-tale, and where at noon the gigantic brewer, who could not speak softly even if he would, came trooping in to dinner with his trampling workmen from the vats. The extraordinary tenacity of memory which holds in pristine freshness the minute details of the picture is equaled only by the extent of its backward range: he recalls the vivid fluid dreams of his first year before they melted, as it seemed to him, into the fixed dream of the vast open-air theater to which the spectator brings something unalterable,—

> Call it soul, or the Me, or what you like—*X* for aught I care—that is independent of the changes in the body, that is unconcerned with the condition of the brain or the grasp of the intellect, that does not grow, nor develop,

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because from the beginning it was finished and complete; something that dwells already in the child at the breast and remains identical throughout life. It can even speak, this *X*, though only softly. It says, if I rightly interpret its foreign dialect: "we come from far off."

It is this something that never changes that has preserved all the bright clear picture of external things, as well as the mysterious inner world all saturated with the mood of the child: a world where passes the fragrance of human affections, revealing the loveliness of a wrinkled face, touching the evening hour and the joyous ritual of bedtime with indescribable happiness, lending its soft melody to the curfew bell. It is a world of intense subjective emotions, where one tastes sheer bliss, or looks into the face of night and sees glimmering through it the features of Medusa, of something that has naught to do with man, his cheerful hopes, his security and loves. Nothing in this world is trifling, save as wisdom and maturity see that trifles are the supreme things in life. But above all, this inner world is one where Nature reigns supreme, a presence enfolding and enhancing all others, calling its subtle message to one from a hillside, from the walls of a narrow street, sliding down the changing light, caught in the crystal tone of water falling in the shade. These visitings of natural magic he keeps to himself, as a secret of which he half fancies he should be ashamed; until, on a momentous drive to Berne, passing over a shady bridge under a peculiar spell of atmosphere, an exclamation from his mother discovers to him that she shares with him the ineffable sense of the genius of the place. The day becomes a series of enchanted beauties of forest, mountain glen, and dazzling sunlit towns; of infinite spaces overhung with shifting lights and gauzy vapors, revealing the twin spells of height and distance. From that day on, the poet says, "I looked at the visible world through my mother's eyes." He had just completed his third year. *My Earliest Experiences* closes with the removal of the family to Berne, two years later, the elder Spitteler having accepted a post in the Federal government. Liestal, and the stretch of country about it with its delicate hint of the Savoyard South, became the object of an incurable homesickness, and aching regret. Thought and feeling were rooted in the native countryside, *das Gefilde*. Almost from the

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beginning, Spitteler observes, his feeling for Nature was identical with his feeling for home. Nothing is more fortunate, he adds, than this conjunction. It is true. Human presences withdraw, and the hearth is desolate; but the earth and sky remain, and their voices are never silenced.

For the years that followed we have only annals, of classical schooling at Berne and Basle, of studies in law and theology at Basle and Zurich and Heidelberg. The seeds of genius slept deep beneath the activities of healthy boyhood, and forward adolescence and youth. His first artistic impulse led him toward drawing, and in the same year, his seventeenth, toward music. No adequate teachers were available to develop fully either bent. Music, in particular that of Bach, remained a permanent inspiration. His first intimate friendship, with Josef Viktor Widmann, brought him the stimulus of a congenial mind. About this time he was oppressed by periods of melancholy, when he labored under an intolerable sense of the suffering imposed on sentient beings, above all, on dumb creatures. The features of Medusa no longer only glimmered through the dusk; they offered their stony horror to the day. Meantime, he began to grope toward poetry. Highly characteristic is the fact that his record is absolutely clear of subjective lyric effusions. For nearly three years his mind was busy with a drama on the subject of Saul, of which not a line was written down. Cosmic visions, borrowing the shapes of Greek myth and Hebrew story, were carried with him to Heidelberg, after a translation of Ariosto, which had fallen into his hands at Zurich, had sealed his determination and revealed his calling, to become an epic poet.

The year following his term at Heidelberg, 1869, Spitteler has referred to as the zenith of his creative and emotional experience. Purely subjective, as yet: a torrent of glancing visions, sweeping clear of local habitation and a name.

A sudden end came to this happy moment, and stopped the flow of what he has called the "sunlit spring." The examining board of Liestal rejected Spitteler, as a candidate in theology, on the grounds of questionable orthodoxy and alleged lack of preparation. He met this rebuff by putting all else aside for assiduous study, and in 1871 passed with the highest honors the theo-

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logical examination at Basle. He was nominated to the pastorate of Arosa, but refused it and left for Russia, where he became tutor in the family of a Russian general.

His exile—if such it was—lasted eight years. Nothing is known of this period. When he returned to join his mother on the death of his father in 1879, he brought with him the first part of the work which he published at the close of 1880, under the title *Prometheus and Epimetheus, a Parable.* The second part followed a year later. They bore the significant signature, Felix Tandem.

This first-fruit of his genius, conceived thirteen years earlier, upon the reception of which hung his hope of literature as a career, was still-born, so far as critics or public were concerned. It flouted equally the sentimental and conventional prepossessions of the older school of "idealists," and the dogmas of the young realists. In Switzerland, it was noticed in print only by Spitteler's friend Widmann. The German press contented itself with re-printing, in a weekly sheet, Widmann's article. Over against this neglect of the purveyors of literary opinion, one remarks that Nietzsche, upon reading the work, observed that Spitteler was "perhaps the most distinguished aesthetic writer among the Germans"; that the veteran Gottfried Keller, while doubting whether it was a time for such "sibylline books," found the composition "full of the choicest beauties from beginning to end," and one to which he should return again and again. Burckhardt, the painter Boecklin—with whose genius that of Spitteler has certain notable affinities—and the musician Brahms, also extended recognition.

What, indeed, could "the critics" make of the work, or say of it? There was no contemporary peg upon which it could possibly be hung, no pattern for comparison, no clue to its "points." Nietzsche speaks somewhere of the dangerous fascination of looking down into the dark shaft of one's being. The *Prometheus* is full of the perilous stuff that is gleaned from a scrutiny of that perspective. It is the outgrowth of an intense personal experience, of a human soul absorbed in the challenge of the infamies, and in delight in the beauty, of the universe. Prometheus's is the soul that is true to itself, that scorns convention not for the

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easier but for the thornier way, whose renunciations cut at the very roots of human affections and hopes, yet whose nobler humanity in the end rescues his people, restores their moral sense, and reconciles him to his fallen brother Epimetheus. It is indeed a book to return to, to keep by one. It contains an immense wealth of episode; it abounds in amazing contrasts, both of mood and scene; it is a veritable mine of invention, yet the interest of the fable is always subordinate to the imaginative dealing with character and scenery. Were it not, indeed, for the pervasive and as it were irresistible delight in nature, the weight of woe that this work carries, and which is curiously burdened by the rhythmical iambic prose, would be almost intolerable. There is humor, but it is for the most part too grim to afford relief. The sense for natural beauties, however, everywhere breaks through and sows the foul and waste places with spots of pure and fresh delight: it is subtly allied to the loyalty that sustains Prometheus, a loyalty to something as inexplicable but as enduring as Nature herself. Soul no less than sense finds there her home.

The failure of this work to obtain recognition turned Spitteler into the inevitable path of teaching, first in a girls' school in Berne, of which his friend Widmann was director, and then in the high school of Neuveville, where he taught Greek and Latin in the French tongue, and where, one of his pupils tells us, he impressed the boys with something spacious and easy in his spirit, in the nonchalant rocking of his high shoulders as he passed down the street, something which they fancied he had caught from the vast Russian background. It was probably in Russia that he laid the foundation of his extensive and intimate acquaintance with French literature, an influence that undoubtedly has made for the delightfully perspicuous and graceful style of his later prose. Slowly, with dogged determination, he resumed composition. But the professional drudgery of this period and of the succeeding years of journalistic labors at Basle and Zurich permitted only the lighter side of his poetic gift to find expression, in three small volumes of verse, while the continued challenge of the apes of Apollo dictated the humorous satire of the *Literary Allegories*.

In 1891 release came. A legacy made him financially inde-

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pendent, and he retired to Lucerne with his wife, a native of Holland who had been his pupil at Berne, and his two daughters. There, in the seclusion of his garden on the banks of the lovely lake of Lucerne, he at length was free to dedicate himself to the high epic Muse. Had freedom come too late? For a time, it looked so. For the decade that followed, there appeared some prose tales, and a novel, *Imago*, a singular work which bears more the stamp of nature than of art, in which one may catch the reflection of what confronted the Spitteler of thirty-four on his return from Russia to the straiter Swiss circle. Not until the new century had dawned did his stubborn faith in his epic star find justification. Then the full current of his genius, which had so long been gathering in its underground flow, broke through and declared itself in the splendid poetic achievement of the *Olympisher Frühling*. The first version appeared in 1900–1904. The enlarged and revised edition was printed in 1909.

At once the work placed Spitteler in the forefront of living poets, and challenged comparison, by reason of its essentially modern spirit, with the great epic creations of the Renaissance and of Antiquity. While ostensibly chronicling the advent of Zeus upon the fall of Chronos, the *Olympian Spring* presents the young gods moving and acting in a setting of Alpine beauty, reflected in all the radiant hues of poesy, in ways that embody the timeless attributes of the race. Classic and modern features are mingled with equal daring and felicity, while inner and outer events are presented with a plasticity unparalleled in modern poetry. A splendor rests on everything; there is an imaginative zest in the movement of the poem that inevitably recalls the spirit of the mountain climber exulting in sure-footed strength amid the eternal snows strewn against the sky. The experience that dogged the footsteps of Prometheus with tragedy, is now mastered, and has become the substance of pure contemplation, even while, between the coming and going of god and hero, one hears the many voices of the restless modern spirit, its intellectual and ethical question, its social challenge, its obstinate scepticism, its vague deep faith in life. Everywhere, the matured genius of the poet is present, composing, placing all the elements of a rich imagination with sureness, delicacy, and an admirable simplicity.

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A circle of distinguished admirers speedily formed itself in Germany. A chance quotation fell under the notice of the distinguished conductor and composer, Felix Weingartner; he procured the work, and wrote a monograph to bring it to the attention of the cultured public. He pointed out that the ideals embodied in Spitteler's work, "opposing much that at the moment is accepted as culture and progress," set a limit to the possible extent of its popularity. But of "this man and artist . . . who has wrestled, in honesty and solitude, with his genius, until at last he has shaped in its completeness the hovering vision," Weingartner predicted: "the world will find Carl Spitteler."

The world has found Carl Spitteler. Not on the path that winds remote about the summit of the Parnassian Mount. But suddenly, it met him, the retired and solitary singer of his own song, in the press of the highroad of life, at the hour of terrible physical menace and moral confusion. Then he stepped forth from his retirement and spoke the word which, as he put it simply, needed to be spoken. It was a word for which his whole life, his absolute self-reliance, his unbroken integrity as a poet, had been the preparation and the authority.

It is dificult to-day, happily, to evoke the mental state that prevailed in the small neutral nations when confronted suddenly with the German dream of world dominion, and with the fate of Belgium. In Switzerland, moreover, the attractive force of the two great nations to the north subjected the unity of the French and the German Swiss to a terrific strain. For a moment, the fate of the Confederation seemed to lie in the hand of Germany. The German-Swiss cantons, numbering nearly two-thirds of the total population of less than four million, was riddled with "peaceful penetration," which sought to exploit illegitimately the innumerable legitimate bonds between groups politically distinct but one in speech and in many cultural traditions. The same condition existed, though less acute, in Holland and in Scandinavia. It was among the intellectuals of these countries, the presumable leaders of public opinion, that Germany's credit in science and education stood highest. As Germany's engine of violence rolled over Belgium with the momentum as of a natural law, the adumbration of a new Europe in the solid grip of a

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masterful, superbly organized race, dazzled some eyes with its effulgence, and dimmed the vision of others with fear. Nowhere was there a voice of authoritative protest from a neutral nation, while here and there individuals once associated with liberalism staggered credulity by appearing as apologists of successful violence. Among the neutral peoples the sense of moral confusion, of moral impotence, became stifling, intolerable.

Then Switzerland spoke.

In quiet tones of convincing assurance, in such words as one who feels his judgment is of years might address to his neighbors, Spitteler, speaking before the New Helvetic Society in the December of that fateful year, took up the matter which all his compatriots knew but dreaded to admit: the widening gap between the Latin and the German elements of the nation. The motive of the whole discourse was one of clarification, carried out with a sureness and delicacy that lift the argument out of the class of occasional into the category of permanent political literature. To his countrymen, laboring under the strain of conflicting sympathies and the irritation of profound moral *malaise*, he unraveled, one by one, the threads of the complex problem; clarifying the national and the personal issues, orienting the one in the Swiss direction, the other by the compass of an invincible incorruptibility. And in the presence of the mighty neighbor whose ear was strained to catch the faintest murmur of disapproval, he repudiated, now with the happiest humor, again with words that stung like whips, what was criminal and ignoble in Germany's attempts upon the integrity, territorial and moral, of her opponents and of the neutral nations.

The short address is a classic. It reflects the essentials of the poet's character, it is impregnated with his human sympathy, with his unique Swiss humor, with his philosophy which sets in moving contrast the majestic human virtues and the piteous lot of men in the grip of destiny. The intellectual acumen in the handling of the complex problem, the moderation of tone, the firmness of the moral judgments, these are qualities so admirable and in the circumstances so amazing, that one recognizes in *Our Swiss Standpoint* a contribution to a sphere of literature invaded only by the greatest spirits, on the rarest occasions. English

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readers will think of another epic poet who, when the time came, exposed the baseness of his own political friends in the interest of truth and freedom; and they will recall the noble sonnet of Wordsworth on the two immemorial voices of Liberty, the Mountains and the Sea.

The address was printed, and, translated into French, rapidly passed beyond the border. Its effect in Switzerland was immense, to the infinite surprise of the author. His name as a patriot became familiar to thousands who would never know him as poet. He himself has said: "The heart has its own intelligence, which is worth all that of the head." All honest minds could grasp the significance of this man who quietly put aside the honors and friendship of a lifetime, because he loved honor and was the friend of truth.

Spitteler's seventieth birthday, occurring in the April following, was made the occasion of a great manifestation of public esteem. Federal and cantonal officials, literary and artistic societies, student bodies and professors, rivalled in honoring him. When, in her turn, Geneva welcomed Spitteler, the general sense had grown, among the discerning, that Spitteler's action was essentially poetic in its nature, the inevitable outcome of his artistic conscience. It was the message of Verhaeren that best expressed the feeling of the gathering for one whose unfaltering Promethean faith had issued triumphant from a long ordeal, who had performed a difficult duty so simply because all his life he had preferred the high and difficult thing. "More than any of us," wrote the Belgian poet,

> he has shown himself clear-sighted and courageous, disinterested and impartial. He appeared like a serene hero in the midst of the battle of hatreds. He attained to truth through himself, and proclaimed it as soon as he perceived it. I infinitely admire his attitude, and I love to persuade myself that it is the lucid Muses whom he has loved from long since who have composed for him his beautiful and rare conscience.

F. V. Keys.

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SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MY ELDERS

ARNOLD BENNETT

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

I

One night, some years before the outbreak of the European War, I arrived in the town of Hanley in the County of Stafford in the midlands of England to deliver a lecture on some subject, the name of which I do not now remember, although I suspect it was connected with the general improvement of mankind. I had accepted the invitation to lecture in Hanley, not because I had anything of importance to say to its inhabitants, but because I had lately read *The Old Wives' Tale* by Mr. Arnold Bennett, and was eager to see the place and the people from which that great book had sprung. My recollections of the visit are very vague now, but I remember that my host, a man of serious mind, a little over-weighted, perhaps, by the troubles of the universe, took me for a walk on Sunday morning through some of "the Five Towns", in the course of which he displayed much knowledge of the topography of Mr. Bennett's books without displaying much knowledge of the books themselves. He informed me that the real name of "Trafalgar Road" in *The Old Wives' Tale* is "Waterloo Road" and that the fictitious name of Hanley is "Hanbridge". He speculated incuriously on the oddness which had caused Mr. Bennett to alter real names in this palpable manner, and ended his discourse with the statement that he seldom read novels (which he persisted in calling "Works of Fiction") being more inclined to the study of serious books. I learned that he read chiefly in the writings of sociologists and political economists and similar serious persons. I suggested to him that he might more profitably read novels than sociological books if he wished to discover something about human character.

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He was a polite and kindly man, and he did not abruptly tell me of my folly, but I could see that he considered me to be a fool or, at best, a flippant person, and I am sure that had he not been my host he would not have troubled to attend my lecture that evening. He smiled in that benign way men have when they abstain from expressing their frank opinion, as he listened to me saying that he would find in novels a greater fund of information about human nature than he could hope to find in all the works that all the sociologists in the world have written. Men of affairs spend their lives in writing ponderous volumes on society which are out-of-date as soon as they are published, whereas the novel or the play of a man of genius remains true forever. Henry Fielding and Adam Smith were contemporaries, but I imagine that few will deny there is more durable stuff, stuff more continuously applicable to human concerns, in *Tom Jones* than there is in *The Wealth of Nations*. But my friend would have none of this, and seemed to think that any man who spent time in reading Fielding's novel which might be spent in reading Adam Smith was shamefully misusing his mind. He led me, I remember, through much of the territory which is generically known as "the Five Towns". I saw the Square in which the Baineses lived, and was told that although Mr. Bennett called it "St. Luke's Square" in *The Old Wives' Tale*, the local authorities preferred to call it after St. John. So great was the influence of the novel upon me that when I peered through the window of the shop in which, so I was told, Constance and Sophia Baines were born, I almost expected to see the half-heroic figure of Samuel Povey behind the counter or to meet the cold, un-human glance of that frozen spinster, Miss Maria Insull, who once, and once only, displayed signs of human emotion—on the occasion when Mr. Critchlow brought her into the presence of the widowed Constance to announce his betrothal to her:

> The dog had leisurely strolled forward to inspect the edges of the fiancé's trousers. Miss Insull summoned the animal with a noise of the fingers, and then bent down and caressed it. A strange gesture proving the validity of Charles Critchlow's discovery that in Maria Insul a human being was buried.

My host led me up stony streets, in which every sort of domestic architecture was visible—for "the Five Towns" are so inde-

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pendent that even in the workmen's houses there is no uniformity of style or harmony of design, a fact which makes, not for a pleasing diversity, but for shapelessness and incoherence—and pointed to places in the ground where, so he said, the earth had opened, owing to underground operations, and swallowed whosoever should happen to be passing over it. There was a story of a man who had set forth in the morning to go to his work, but, before he had travelled many yards from his home, was suddenly consumed by the opening earth and was never seen again. I will admit that I trod those streets thereafter with trepidation and considerable care! I had begun to tire of the ugly houses with their insufferable architecture, and of the grime caused by innumerable chimneys emitting thick, black smoke, when I was led up a steep street at the top of which I was told to halt and gaze about me. I saw the whole of "the Five Towns" and much of the surrounding country spread out like the kingdoms of the world and realized how strangely moving such a scene can be because of its suggestion of human presences. It was not without beauty, in spite of the gloom of an industrial area, but it impressed me most by its air of effort and power and achievement. I became conscious of the activities of men and women, of great labors, of confused strivings out of which some human need is satisfied, and I came away, as I always come away from such sights, immensely impressed by human organization and very satisfied with great machines. When we had descended from that high street and had walked elsewhere, I found myself suddenly confronting a railway station on which I saw the romantic name of ETRURIA.

II

Etruria, the country of the Etruscans in Italy, was, I suppose, a very different place from Etruria, the small town between Hanley and Burslem ("Hanbridge" and "Bursley") where Josiah Wedgwood founded his pottery in the eighteenth century, but the spirit which produced the Etruscan ceramics was not dissimilar from the spirit which produces the famous Wedgwood ware; and I thought to myself as I looked at the romantic name

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of that grimy-looking town in Staffordshire that I had stumbled on the secret of Mr. Bennett. Underneath the plain appearance of the pottery town, there is a spirit which has persisted in the production of beautiful things for the best part of two centuries, a spirit so much in love with delicate ware that it calls an unsightly town by the name of an ancient and reputedly beautiful place; and underneath the hard and fact-ridden style of Mr. Bennett there is an ineradicable desire for romance. I said of him once that he fights the battles of the romantic with the weapons of the realist, and that description seems to me to be strictly accurate. Mr. Bennett mingles, even in his Christian names, the gritty and the graceful in a way that is singularly characteristic of the people of his district. "Enoch Arnold Bennett" is a combination of names not easily imagined, but it is not more unusual than the combination of Etruria and Staffordshire, of lovely ceramics and "the Five Towns". Mr. Bennett has many times been charged with addiction to dusty realism, a dull love of facts. His critics say of him, after reading such a book as *Your United States*, that he must have spent his time on the Atlantic liner in which he went to America in counting the rivets in her plates for the sheer love of counting them, and they conclude that he is a materialist because of his interest in numbers and in things. They even complain of him that he is infatuated with largeness, just as Queen Victoria was, and that he imagines a thing to be good when it is merely big. This is undiscerning criticism. It is as if a child were charged with being a disciple of Haeckel because it thinks that ten things are more wonderful than one thing. We may think that Mr. Bennett is a fact-ridden modern, incapable of romance, because he inordinately admires electricity, but to do so is to announce ourselves as dunderheads for not discovering that his love of electricity is the Romantic's love of the Magic Lamp! How easily most of us are dissuaded from our faith in romantic things! We are in ecstasies when we hear of St. Francis of Assisi preaching to the fishes and the birds and addressing them as his little brothers, but we are horribly shocked and humiliated when Mr. Bernard Shaw makes the mad priest in *John Bull's Other Island* speak of a pig as our little brother! There is prettiness in the community of men and birds, even of

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men and the smaller fish, but pigs—PORK! ! We find romance in the spectacle of a man rubbing a dirty lantern with his fingers in order to summon up a serving genie, but cannot perceive the greater romance found by Mr. Bennett in the spectacle of a man pressing a switch and illuminating a room with power drawn by wires from a station many miles away! We are entranced with the thought of transport on Magic Carpets, but unmoved by the thought that presently great ships will be guided into New York Harbor, not by pilots, but by means of wireless telegraphy! Some dullards have exclaimed despairingly of Mr. Bennett because of what they called his trivial and commonplace interests as revealed in that enthralling book, *Things That Have Interested Me*, failing utterly to discern that it is his interest in these things which is so infallable a sign of his zest for life. Anyone can be interested in the Rocky Mountains, but it is only a superbly romantic man who can be absorbed in Tarrytown. There is not anything in the round world, made by God or by man, which does not interest Mr. Bennett. Familiarity breeds contempt in most of us, but it does not breed contempt in him. *He never gets used to things.* Most of us are too dull of mind, too destitute of imagination to feel interest or astonishment unless we are abruptly confronted with the unusual or the violent, and our capacity for romantic enjoyment is limited and soon exhausted. We should exclaim with astonishment on beholding an eruption of Mount Vesuvius for the first time, but we should exclaim rather less on perceiving the ninety-ninth eruption. Mr. Bennett would experience as much excitement on the ninety-ninth occasion as he would on the first. Nothing less than an earthquake is necessary to stir some of us, but Mr. Bennett can be stirred by the sight of a taxicab. The genesis of *The Old Wives' Tale*, as described in the preface to one of the later editions, is a clear illustration of his romantic possession:

> In the autumn of 1903 [he writes], I used to dine frequently in a restaurant in the Rue de Clichy, Paris. Here were, among others, two waitresses that attracted my attention. One was a beautiful, pale young girl, to whom I never spoke, for she was employed far away from the table I affected. The other, a stout, middle-aged, managing Breton woman, had sole command over my table and me, and gradually she began to assume such a maternal tone

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towards me that I saw I should be compelled to leave that restaurant. If I was absent for a couple of nights running she would reproach me sharply: "What! you are unfaithful to me?" Once when I complained about some French beans, she informed me roundly that "French beans were a subject which I did not understand. . . ."

I break the quotation here to exclaim at the obtuseness of that Breton woman who, in the course of her management of Mr. Bennett, failed to discover that he loves to regard himself as an authority on such matters as French beans. There is a kind of romantic pride which makes some men believe that they know the one place in a city where the best brand of a particular article is to be purchased. Mr. Bennett has that pride. The heaviness of the Breton's blow to it can be imagined after reading the next sentence in the passage from which I am making the quotation:

I then decided to be eternally unfaithful to her, and I abandoned the restaurant. A few nights before the final parting an old woman came into the restaurant to dine. She was fat, shapeless, ugly and grotesque. She had a ridiculous voice and ridiculous gestures. It was easy to see that she lived alone, and that in the long lapse of years she had developed the kind of peculiarity which induces guffaws among the thoughtless. She was burdened with a lot of small parcels which she kept dropping. She chose one seat; and then, not liking it, chose another; and then another. In a few moments she had the whole restaurant laughing at her. That my middle-aged Breton should laugh was indifferent to me, but I was pained to see a coarse grimace of giggling on the pale face of the beautiful young waitress to whom I had never spoken. I reflected, concerning the grotesque diner: This woman was once young, slim, perhaps beautiful; certainly free from these ridiculous mannerisms. Very probably she is unconscious of her singularities. Her case is a tragedy. One ought to be able to make a heartrending novel out of the history of a woman such as she. Every stout, ageing woman is not grotesque—far from it!—but there is an extreme pathos in the mere fact that every stout, ageing woman was once a young girl with the unique charm of youth in her form and movements and in her mind. And the fact that the change from the young girl to the stout, ageing woman is made up of an infinite number of infinitesimal changes, each unperceived by her, only intensifies the pathos. It was at that instant that I was visited by the idea of writing the book which ultimately became *The Old Wives' Tale*. . . .

III

In that passage there is revealed much, I think, of Mr. Bennett's character and spirit. He dislikes the sensation of being managed because he likes the sensation of managing. That Breton woman

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could have won him to faithful service forever if she had deferred to him in the matter of French beans, and who knows what tricks of duplicity she could have played upon him had she stooped to guile? But she wounded him in his pride when she bluntly told him that her judgment on beans was sounder than his, and so lost the custom of the most interesting of her diners. The first fact, therefore, that one discovers in this passage is that Mr. Bennett has a profound respect for his own opinion: he feels pretty sure of himself. This may be considered to be a sign of conceit, but that consideration is not necessarily true. It could only be a sign of conceit if Mr. Bennett's respect for his own opinion were misplaced, and there is nothing in his record to show that it is misplaced. There is, on the contrary, much to show that it is placed with the utmost propriety. He has done many of the things which he said he would do, and has done them exceedingly well. If all of us could have faith in ourselves with as much justification as Mr. Bennett has faith in himself, we should do well to practice our faith with fervor. The second fact about Mr. Bennett which is revealed by this passage is the romantic nature of him, but before I discuss that fact, I wish to point out a third and minor fact revealed by it which is something of a flaw in him, not an important flaw, but one which must be remembered by his admirers. It is his occasional tendency to let his romanticism degenerate into sentimentality. Observe how he seems to have romanced about the pale and beautiful waitress to whom he never spoke, how he assumes that because she is beautiful she must also be generous and sympathetic and kindly, with what dismay he discovers that, just as a man can smile and smile and be a villain, so a woman can be pale and beautiful, and yet be as cruel or lacking in perception as the ruddiest and least lovely of her sex. He declares, indeed, that he quitted the restaurant in the Rue de Clichy because of the insolence of the Breton woman who disputed his authority on beans, but may he not be deceiving himself, may he not in fact have quitted that place because his illusion about the beautiful, pale young waitress was shattered by her coarse grimaces, her unkindly giggles? After all, it is easy enough to live with those who will not accept our estimate of ourselves, but how hard it is to live with lost beliefs. One of

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the most painful things about shell-shock cases resulting in mental derangement is that the patient seems to loathe most those whom he formerly loved most, and here in England many of us know of pitiful women who dare not go to see their unbalanced husbands because the mere sight of them throws the unhappy men into paroxysms of rage and anguish! . . .

But it is when we come to consider Mr. Bennett's attitude towards the foolish old woman who changed her seat and dropped her parcels so often in the restaurant in the Rue de Clichy that we discover his chief characteristic. If he were the fact-ridden realist that some of his critics pronounce him to be, he could not possibly have perceived in that old woman, "fat, shapeless, ugly and grotesque," the lineaments of a girl, "young, slim, perhaps beautiful; certainly free from these ridiculous mannerisms". A fact-ridden realist might not have joined in the laughter of the Breton woman and the giggling pale waitress, but he would have judged the old woman with harsh contempt, more intolerable even than mocking laughter, and he would have turned away from her in irritation and disgust because of her inefficiency, her clumsiness, her indecision, her displeasing exterior. At best, he would have seen her solely as an incompetent, fat, ugly and grotesque person who had always been incompetent, fat, ugly and grotesque. But Mr. Bennett, incorrigibly romantic, regarding her closely and with kindliness, insisted that beneath the hulk of her body there was a soul, that the too, too solid flesh had once worn "the feature of blown youth", even as Ophelia found it in Hamlet! She may not be beautiful now, he tells himself, but how beautiful may she not once have been. That is the spirit of romance. It is a certain sign of the romantic in a man that he will not permit himself to be bluffed by appearances when appearances are bad, although he may often be bluffed by them when they are good. Mr. Bennett was not deceived by the old woman's looks, but he was terribly deceived by the looks of the pale, young waitress, and it is true of him, I think, that he is very easily deceived by youth, to which he is uncommonly generous. I have already stated in this series that Mr. Bernard Shaw is greatly generous to young men, but I think that Mr. Bennett is even more generous to them than Mr. Shaw.

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Observe how he shows his willingness to be deceived by youth in the passage which I have quoted. He tells himself that the old woman was once "young, slim, perhaps beautiful", which is likely enough, but he goes on, not romantically, but sentimentally, to add, that she was "certainly free from these ridiculous mannerisms". Now, there is no warrant in human experience for such an assumption. I am prepared to believe that an old woman, "fat, shapeless, ugly and grotesque" was once "slim, perhaps beautiful", but I am not prepared to believe that an indecisive, footling old woman was, in her girlhood, any other than indecisive and footling. We do not change our natures to that extent as we grow older unless we lose our wits or suffer gravely in health, and the tragedy of old age is that habits and mannerisms which are charming and attractive in youth are merely silly and annoying in age. We are amused by the violent opinions of a clever young man of twenty, inclined even to applaud him for holding them because they are significant of an active and developing mind, but they are less amusing to us and win less applause if they are still being expressed by him when he is thirty. We cease altogether to applaud or be amused when we hear him still at them when he is forty. We no longer describe him as a clever young man, but as a damned fool. No one has any right to be a clever young man all his life. I am inclined to think that the law should forbid anyone to be a clever young man after the age of twenty-seven. The world is entitled to demand that its clever young men shall grow up and achieve some sort of sanity and right judgment by the age of thirty, and if they refuse to grow up, then they are not free to complain if the world revises its judgment on them and inexorably thrusts them from its regard. Mr. Bennett's old woman dropped her parcels and changed her seat just as frequently in her youth as she did on that evening when he saw her in the Rue de Clichy, but she was young and perhaps pretty then, and people forgave her for her footling ways because of her youthfulness and in the hope that some day she would acquire steadiness of character and control over her packages. I think I can give a fairly accurate description of that old woman when she was a girl. She was always late for everything, but her demure ways and a sort of foal-like clumsiness about her made

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men willing to wait and be gracious about it. She always remembered at the last moment nineteen different things which she had forgotten to do, which must immediately be done, which inevitably caused greater delay. She could never find her railway ticket when the inspector came round to examine it and frequently held up trains while everyone in her carriage hunted high and low for it. She persistently dropped her gloves, her handkerchief and her vanity-bag or left them behind her whereever she went. She never went out of doors without losing something. She never had any small change, and invariably tendered a ten-dollar bill, when buying a ten-cent newspaper, in the fond belief that the clerk at the news stand or even the boy in the street was certain to have plenty of change and be all too eager to oblige her. She always got on to the wrong train or trolley-car and did not discover her mistake until too late to dismount from it! . . . But she succeeded in putting over that sort of fatuous behavior entirely on the strength of her youth and prettiness, and men, who would go raving mad if they had to live with a middled-aged or elderly woman of such habits, readily excused her imbecilities because they were those of youth.

I wondered often, when I was in America, why I saw so many old or middle-aged husbands with girl-wives. People told me that the cost of living is so high in America that young men cannot afford to marry young girls, but must either marry older and richer women or refrain from marriage until they are middle-aged. Young women, so I was told, must marry the elderly and the bald, the slack and the flabby because, otherwise, they cannot hope for a good time until they are no longer of an age to enjoy it. I do not much esteem young women who refuse the great adventure of marriage with young, poor men in order that they may have a good time with unenthusiastic, tamed and middle-aged men, especially when I remember that a good time in such circumstances means only a fatly comfortable one, in being well-fed, well-housed and well-clothed without ever having had the fun of fighting for such comforts. But I am not entirely convinced by the arguments which were put to me in explanation of this singular and unnatural conjunction of the young and the middle-aged. There may be truth in the statement that American

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girls marry elderly men for the comfort they receive, but I doubt whether the elderly men marry for that reason. I am very certain that such marriages are made because the men are romantic and will not believe that the young girl's "charming ways" will be retained by her when she is no longer young. The plain and undeniable fact is that elderly men marry girls because they cannot believe that a girl who has foolish habits will not cease to have them when she is older. The romantic is a man who is everlastingly hoping for the best, everlastingly striving to obtain the best. A romantic realist is a man who, while striving for the best, knows that he may only obtain the worst. The sentimentalist is a man who removed himself from the region of reality and refuses to admit that there is a worst, who insists that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Mr. Arnold Bennett is a romantic realist, with a slight tendency towards sentimentalism.

IV

His romantic realism seems to plunge desperately into sentimentalism when he contemplates very old age and death. Dr. Johnson had a strange horror of death, "so much so, Sir," as he said to Boswell, "that the whole of life is but keeping away the thoughts of it." But he achieved quietness of mind when his end came and his last recorded words were of a benignant character. "God bless you, my dear!" he said to Miss Morris, forbidden by his faithful negro servant, Francis, to come nearer to his bed than the outer room. Mr. Bennett seldom, if ever, permits his very old people to die placidly. Their disappointments press hardly upon them, if they are not prevented from remembering them by senility or gross disease. Paralysis claims many of them. Age does not beautify them nor bring peace to them, nor do they face their end with undiminished heads. He is remarkably consistent in this view of old age and death, and perhaps it is natural that he should regard it so gloomily when one remembers how completely he is enthralled by youth. But his view is an unbalanced one.

Old age is not always graceless and crabbed and unlovely. Such an old man as Mr. Thomas Hardy, who celebrates his

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eighty-first birthday on the morning on which I write this passage, has a grace and quietness and courage discoverable only in those who have endured many things but have not been conquered by them. When I saw Mr. Hardy a little while ago, I saw one who remains alert and interested in new things and the thoughts of young men and women. Mr. Bennett, however, looks upon age as a calamity which must, indeed, happen to all of us, if we live long enough, but cannot possibly be mitigated.

He is able to detect the "young, slim, perhaps beautiful" girl in the "fat, shapeless, ugly and grotesque" old woman, but he cannot so easily detect the gracious old man or woman in the boy and girl. I am oppressed sometimes by the thought that if Mr. Bennett had seen the "young, slim, perhaps beautiful" girl, his romantic nature would have let him down, yielding place to his cynicism, and he would have detected the coming wrinkles on her brow, would have seen that her eyes would grow dull, might even have pointed out her tendency to obesity. "Of course, I should!" Mr. Bennett may retort, "for I am a realist as well as a romantic, and in this case, I should have been right!" And so he would, but the trouble is that, while Mr. Bennett romantically and rightly sees the slim, perhaps beautiful girl in the fat old woman, he always realistically and wrongly sees the fat old woman in the slim young girl! I think that the spirit of "the Five Towns" is entirely responsible for the fact that Mr. Bennett never sees beauty in age. It is a harsh, acquisitive spirit, busy principally in the accumulation of material things (despite the fact that it produces lovely pottery) and inclined to measure a man's worth by the amount of his fortune. The leisurely and gracious things of life are not the immediate or even the ultimate concerns of life in "the Potteries", and old age is likely, in such places, to be harsh and acquisitive. When men and women, who have spent their activities entirely in money-making, reach the age at which they possess much money but are no longer able to employ themselves in its acquisition, they become crabbed, unlovely, mean, for they have no resources. You cannot derive pleasure from literature or music or painting or any other art when you bring to its consideration only the fag-

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end of your life. One has seen men who were notorious among their neighbors for their hard work—always engaged in their employment from early morning until late night—seldom, if ever, resting or taking holiday. One has seen these men, after they have retired from business, so helpless without their work to occupy their minds, that they steadily declined into a condition of misery which brought about premature death! They lived for one thing, and when that thing was no longer available for them, they perished because they had no other resources and it was too late to acquire any! Mr. Bennett must have seen such men many times during his early years in "the Five Towns" and the pitiful spectacle so impressed his mind that old age has become to him a terrifying thing, a complete debâcle of the brain and energies. This life, this youth, is so wonderful, so full of romantic possibilities, that age and death seem to him merely obscene interruptions of an enthralling spectacle.

V

Once only, so far as I can discover, did he make a poem. It was published in *The English Review* in the brave days when that magazine was edited by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, and since it is singularly characteristic, as a poem ought to be, of its author's outlook on life, I quote it here in full. But first I must affirm my belief that *The English Review*, under the editorship of Mr. Hueffer, was the greatest magazine that this world has ever known. That is a tremendous title to claim for any magazine, but I doubt whether anyone, familiar with great magazines, will seriously dispute the claim I make for Mr. Hueffer's *English Review*. The title of Mr. Bennett's poem is *Town and Country*. Here it is:

God made the country, and man made the town.
And so—man made the doctor, God the clown;
God made the mountain, and the ants their hill,
Where grinding servitudes each day fulfil.
God doubtless made the flowers, while in the hive
Unnatural bees against their passions strive.
God made the jackass and the bounding flea;
I render thanks to God that man made me.

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Let those who recognize God's shaping power
Here but not there, in tree but not in tower,
In lane and field, but not in street and square,
And in man's work see nothing that is fair—
Bestir their feeble fancy to the old
Conception of a "country" made by God;
Where birds perceive the wickedness of strife
Against the winds, and lead the simple life
Nestless on God's own twigs; and squirrels, free
From carking care, exist through February
On nuts that God has stored. Let them agree
To leave the fields to God for just a year,
And then of God's own harvest make good cheer.

If one were a sentimentalist, one could describe that poem as a sign of a blankly materialistic mind, with a turn for blasphemy, but if one is what one ought to be, a romantic with a sense of reality, it will appear to be a confession of faith in God *and* man.

VI

Mr. Bennett, of all the men of letters with whom I am acquainted, not even excluding Mr. Shaw, is the most generous and kindly to young people. Mr. Wells likes young people, but his interest in them is curiously impersonal. He likes youth in a lump, so to speak, rather than youth in the individual, just as he seems to love mankind more than he likes any man. But Mr. Bennett likes *you*, the youth, personally. He is happier on the whole with young people than he is with their elders, and he assiduously seeks their society. He is amused by their extravagances, but not to the extent of sneering at them. He likes youth to be dandiacal, to have an air, to be arrogant, but not to be ill-bred or pretentious or third-rate. In spite of his notable kindness, he can be merciless to humbugs, and stories are told of devastating things said by him to presumptuous persons and fools. The blunt speech of "the Five Towns" is native to his tongue, and he passes judgment without mincing his words. He has a dry sort of wit which is remarkably helped by a slight hesitation in his speech, and his general conversation, without being markedly distinguished, is entertaining and agreeable in a way that is very

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elusive when put upon paper. It is natural, perhaps, that a man who loves youth so much as he does should have a more potent sense of the present and of the future than of the past, and this accounts for the fact that his books and pictures are chiefly modern. I imagine that he has a greater number of books and pictures by young authors and painters than any other man of his calibre in England. He loves music, but is not "highbrow" about it, and he has a passion for dancing which threatens now to keep him jigging through ballrooms for the rest of his life. He paints quite charming water-color pictures, and is so fond of the sea that the surest way in which anyone can lose his friendship is to accompany him for a trip on his yacht and be sea-sick during it! He is a keen man of business, and he is full of contempt for the rather sloppy-minded man of letters who allows himself to be worsted in a bargain. Most men of quality are lonely men, oddly isolated in spirit, and Mr. Bennett is not an exception to the rule, but more than his compeers, I think, he is a companionable person in a small group, chiefly because of that romantic interest he has in all things, animate and inanimate. He has a wider knowledge of books than most men of letters. Most men of letters, indeed, are remarkably ignorant of books. And he has the courage, the supreme courage, to do what no other literary man I have ever met has the courage to do: he keeps a gramophone. He likes the savor of life, and life for him includes the pictures of Corot and the gramophone and French poetry and the novels of George Moore and newspapers and motor-cars and Balzac and Bernard Shaw and the right brand of French beans. How can such a man help being romantic!

ST. JOHN ERVINE.

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UP SANDWICH DOME

BY J. BROOKS ATKINSON

OPINIONS differ as to the virtues of comradeship on a walking tour. "Let me have a companion of my way," said Sterne, "were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines." "I like to go by myself," said Hazlitt. "I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time." "Now to be properly enjoyed, a walking tour should be gone upon alone," Stevenson agreed. Robert Holliday somewhat clumsily pleads for a bosom-friend: "No one . . . should ever go on a journey with any other than him with whom one walks arm in arm, in the evening, the twilight, and, talking (let us suppose) of men's given names, agrees that if either should have a son he shall be named after the other." These fellows, be it noticed, talk of "walking tours" which cling to the high roads. What of those fellows with stout boots and heavy packs who follow trails in the woods and mountains? Do they go in company or by themselves? Obviously tastes again differ. But I am reminded that Frank Bolles tramped the woods of Chocorua alone, that John Muir clambered about the Yosemite Valley and at least once on Mount Shasta alone, that John Burroughs went alone about the Catskills, and that Enos A. Mills apparently goes everywhere alone. Doubtless this does not hold true for every pilgrimage, but those which yielded the best essays were invariably solitary walks. Indeed, if you plan to keep watch of the birds, as many do, you will do well to go by yourself, especially if your knowledge of birds, like mine, is not expert. For then you will want to drop your pack at an unfamiliar note and seek the soloist. If you are sensitive about boring your companions you cannot do this in a crowd.

Debating with myself whether to spend the night alone on Sandwich Dome or whether to seek comradeship, that is the conclusion to which such logic as I could summon brought me.

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I knew that bird notes, colors, vistas, stars, sounds would all be infinitely more vivid if I went by myself. I knew, too (without dwelling on that subject over-long) that animals lived on Sandwich Dome, that a wildcat with huge paws was once caught in a trap near by, and that bears have been known to prowl through the woods. Pooh, pooh! Who cares? I determined to go alone.

At the breakfast table, where like directors we discuss plans and projects before the gossips catch them up outside, I assumed an indifferent pose while I recounted my plans. No hint of wildcats and bears colored my simple statement. To hear me talk of this epochal trip one would have supposed that I were merely going to the next farmhouse for the daily supply of milk. Indeed, when less adventuresome spirits of the household discreetly urged the dangers of such an enterprise, among them being wildcats and bears, I skilfully threw out the impression that such weak forebodings had not entered my head. Puffing out, preening like a male turkey, I laughed delicately in fine derision. Opposition persisted. My manly valor asserted itself. And like Manuel of Poictesme I determined to "follow after my own thinking and my own desire."

For six days rain and drizzle clung to the mountains. But at last the clouds rolled away and there came a wilting morning. The sun glared white on the barn roof, sending up myriads of wavy heat lines from the withering shingles. Mountains near and far were dimmed in haze; hardly a breath of air stirred the aspen trees. Familiar birds of farm and field matched the setting: from the baking hayfields the dry note of the chipping sparrow floated up; a scarlet tanager blazed in an apple tree. In spite of the oppressive heat I sharpened the camp axe, packed my knapsack, and set out soon after noon for the summit of Sandwich Dome.

I have known people who boasted openly of carrying a fifty-pound pack all day up steep trails, across brooks, and all without the slightest inconvenience. I admire them. My load of blankets, axe, fry-pan, provisions, sweater, map and birdbook did not weigh more than twenty-five pounds, but it was soon tugging away at my back. Perspiration drenched my shoulders where the straps crossed them, and my breath no longer came in smooth

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rhythms. But the trail up the mountain led through woods which were still fresh and cool after the rainy weather. Once amid the yellow birches and again in a spruce thicket on this first pull up the mountain I dropped my pack with a clang of fry-pan and drinking cup, and sat down to take note of the birds. For had I not come especially to see them? Red-eyed vireos sang querulously and continually; veeries poured out occasional cool songs of reedy beauty. In the spruce thicket while I reclined against an up-rooted tree, golden-crowned kinglets came clambering through the branches overhead. Once a sudden crash of dead twigs brought me instantly from my pillow, and I saw a deer with white tail pointing skyward bound frantically down the mountainside. I was relieved to find the disturbance so harmless.

En avant! I challenged my protesting muscles with French idiom, hoping to stimulate them with strange language. I pulled on my pack and plodded up through birch, beech and maple groves to the zone where spruces became more and more frequent and no deciduous trees but the yellow birch were to be seen. Black-throated green warblers sang "Trees, trees, murmuring trees," and other birds chattered intermittently. In a tiny pool beneath an overturned spruce a Canadian warbler was splashing his yellow breast with its necklace of black spots. I rested my pack on a log, pulled out my pipe and waited to see whether he would return. He did not. But a Canadian nuthatch, calling "ank, ank" afar off, came nearer and was soon scratching up and down the trees near by. At length I found myself musing mournfully over an extra cut of hot apple pie which I might have eaten at luncheon, and to drive such gross thoughts from my head I started up the trail vigorously.

Two hours of steady climbing brought me near the top of the first ridge of Sandwich Dome. For a half hour I caught glimpses of the surrounding country before the trees opened for a complete view to the east. A hot shadeless spot; huge blowdowns had completely obliterated the trail. I was drenched with perspiration, and swarms of blackflies spun dizzily around me. Once more I dropped my pack, and lighted my pipe in self-defense. In the east rose the strong form of Whiteface with Flat Mountain Pond, an eye in the forest, placid near its base. A brisk east

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wind chased from time to time across the surface of the water and set the spruce branches whispering in the forest about me. A considerable stretch of good woods, soon to be cut into boards; I thought of the many days I had spent tramping through all parts of it on various, idle quests, and wondered what charms might remain after the lumbermen have completed their work.

Just over the shoulder of Sandwich Dome and well up towards the summit I proceed cautiously. For the single uncommon bird of my limited acquaintance lives there. Not that his coloring is striking nor that his song is intrinsically stirring. Indeed, this fellow of white underparts, spotted throat and breast and plain olive-brown back lays no claim to physical or vocal beauty. Two or three summers passed after I had first seen him before I was certain of his identity. For the Bicknell's thrush, as he is called, resembles in many respects the olive-backed thrush which lives in similar surroundings. I know insouciant bird-hunters who prattle glibly of Cape May warblers, mourning warblers and Bohemian waxwings. I am no fit associate for them; my store of bird lore is pitifully small for such company. But the Bicknell's thrush in a spruce thicket gives me as much pleasure as a dingy, yellow-paged volume gives the book collector. And as I approached the summit this day at last I heard one of them singing; after stalking for fifteen minutes I caught a glimpse of him in the thicket.

By five o'clock I threw down my pack for the last time near the summit. By six o'clock I had finished supper and cut enough wood to last the night through. Then I pulled on my sweater, replenished my pipe again and went to the summit. The view was interesting without being inspiring. To the east stretched the Sandwich range—Chocorua, Passaconaway, Whiteface and Tripyramid. Paugus was nearly lost behind the northern ridge of Whiteface. Osceola and Tecumseh rolled up near enough to be clearly seen, their forests torn by lumbering. The burly form of Carrigan was in line with the faint suggestion of Mount Washington. A sharp, rocky point, barely visible through the summer haze, was Lafayette; and other summits, some white with granite, some black with spruce, rolled as far to the north as I could see.

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A singularly homely range of mountains, modest in height, graceful in outline, accessible—mountains where a man may tramp and live. I wonder at the stupendous beauty of the Alps —the sharp, icy Matterhorn, its glistening white neighbors, Breithorn, Lysskamm and round to Monte Rosa, the vast distances of white-capped, jagged peaks, snaky glaciers in every crevice, deep gorges, turbulent streams, inns where bread, cheese and a bottle of wine may be taken at ease on comfortable porches —all waiting for a properly attired tourist at the price of a leisurely walk along broad paths. In Switzerland there's never a peak nor a glacier too mean to be some happy landlord's palace. But for solid enjoyment give me the simple White Mountains with their network of dim trails, their rough shacks and uncleared forests. Parts of them are still wild and unsubdued. Parts of them are still more refreshing than the Alps to dwellers in the hurly-burly of sophisticated society.

The sun went down quickly in a mass of rosy clouds and the sunset glow faded from the peaks. I went down to sit beside my campfire while the spruce trees moaned and groaned in voices disarmingly human. I was alive to every noise. The thin-voiced blackpoll warblers that zee-ed all the evening and the white-throated sparrows that kept singing "Old Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody" were as familiar books in a strange library. Think of the million songs which fill the air every summer evening in such places—all unheard by human ears. At twilight a white-throat flew into a dead spruce branch on one side of the clearing. I could see his tiny form against the sky and watch him tip back his little head each time he sang. Time passed with incredible slowness. Just as I was becoming accustomed to the sounds of the woods and my heart no longer skipped a beat at the sawing of the trees, something burst into the clearing with amazing speed. Wildcat or bear? Every nerve in my body was a-tingle. The intruder turned out to be nothing more dangerous than a brown rabbit. I composed myself quickly and remained quite still. He edged nearer in the firelight, sniffing inquiringly and wiggling his long ears, until he stopped scarcely two feet from my outstretched hand. For fifteen or twenty minutes he sat gazing spell-bound into the fire, and then bounded off into the thickets.

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After piling more wood on the fire I proceeded to roll up in my blankets in the log shelter. I pulled the blankets over my head for added warmth (as I told myself), closed my eyes and waited. The sound of the wind in the trees was uncanny. I thought of the many miles of darkness which lay between my home and the summit of Sandwich Dome. Still I waited. Eight hours before daylight—what an interminable period! Sleep failed to come. I thought enviously of the many people who were securely asleep on feather beds in the valley.

A rustling in the bushes. Something moved cautiously. I felt the blood pounding in my veins. Clang! My fry-pan had been upset on the rock where I had left it. This insult required challenging. An eye for an eye! I flung the blankets from my face and saw two porcupines nosing in the informal kitchen in front of the shelter, and gnawing the axe handle where my hands had sweated on it. I shouted at them and threatened destruction with a stick. They waddled off unconcerned. Perhaps ten minutes elapsed before they were back again. This time I prodded them with a stick but they returned within a few minutes. Grunting and nosing about as they did the local term of "hedgehog" seemed particularly appropriate. Occasionally they shook themselves and the rustle of their quills sounded like the rustle of dry leaves. It was amusing to poke them with the stick, see their quills rise and hear their peevish squeal.

I was wide awake again. The moon filled the clearing with dim light. I flung off my blankets, shivering in the chill of the night, and stepped out to replenish the fire. The damp east wind was quickly condensed on the cold mountain summit and trailed clouds over the peak. Warmly wrapped in my blankets again I finally dozed off to sleep.

Shortly after three o'clock I awoke from a refreshing nap to a dismal, damp clearing in the faint gray of early morning. At half past three the ubiquitous chipping sparrows trilled lamely, but in spite of their languid efforts the moist world seemed peculiarly uninviting. A long hour passed before the white-throated sparrow first cleared his throat. No wonder that the other birds were inspired to sing, and that blackpoll warblers and thrushes joined the morning chorus!

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Night was now definitely over; the business of day had begun when the first white-throat's voice charmed the forest. I packed my knapsack, and as I started down the mountain, rain began to fall thick and fast. The new trail which I now followed led through virgin spruces that hid their tops in the fog. Rain drops fell softly from their branches to the mossy ground; but down among the hardwoods the roar of the storm was strong. A hermit thrush sang "pompadeedela" as I hurried past, and a black-throated green, too, had rubbed the sleep and the rain from his eyes. The wet beech and birch vistas ahead were as delicately green as new spring foliage. An hour of scrambling down the trail, brushing against the leaves, drenched my clothing with rain water, and I splashed through the deepest brooklets without feeling appreciably more wet. Near the base of the mountain I left the trail to walk home directly through the woods, and as I crossed the last wet pasture to come up the drive a robin was singing in the maple near the barn. Just as the white-throated sparrow was the symbol of the woods so was the robin the symbol of home. Indoors the warmth and cheer of a birch fire, while the noisy rain pattered on the roof and windows and filled the gurgling rain barrels to overflowing, was a cheerful culmination to my early morning walk down the mountain. The rest of my family, who were still in bed, shouted a torrent of questions down the stairs. Was I afraid? they asked with one accord. Perish the thought! Afraid in a New Hampshire forest!

J. Brooks Atkinson.

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TURGENIEFF AS A PLAYWRIGHT

BY OLIVER M. SAYLER

When the art and the literature of two countries are as widely separated by the barrier of languages expressed in dissimilar alphabets as those of Russia and America, it is small wonder that contemporary men and movements are often delayed in transit from one nation to the other, and that Moscow and Petrograd are as unaware to-day of the existence of Edgar Lee Masters and Vachel Lindsay as we are of Igor Severianin and Vassily Kamyensky. It is not so easy, though, to understand how after years of acquaintance with and admiration for a master of letters like Ivan Turgenieff, we can still be unconversant with the plays he wrote, and ignorant even of the fact that he ever turned his hand to the drama.

Turgenieff as playwright is an aspect of the great rival of Tolstoy and Dostoievsky of which we are almost completely unaware, and yet an aspect which no Russian is willing for a moment to forget. His contributions to the theatre were limited in number, in comparison with his voluminous output of novels and stories, but that is not a sufficient reason for his biographers and critics and translators in western lands to pass them by unnoticed, for some of them are not only the equal in literary power of his best work in other fields, but they have also won an enviable place purely as drama on their native stage. As acted drama on our own stage, they might not measure up to our demand for decisive action, although one or two of the shorter pieces should fulfil our specifications in this respect. We may not be ready, either, in our hasty and slipshod method of mounting plays, to do them the patient and sympathetic justice which they would require. But they are so thoroughly in the vein of Turgenieff's narrative manner of depicting the life of his native country, and so worthy merely in a literary sense to stand beside his novels and tales, that they should be made available for the

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reading public which is attracted to-day as never before to the art and letters of Russia.

My first impression when I saw on the Moscow Art Theatre bulletin, shortly after the playhouses reopened following the Bolshevik Revolution, the announcement that the repertory of the following week would include *A Month in the Country*, a "comedy in five acts by I. S. Turgenieff", was that someone had made a play out of one of the novelist's stories. Which one, I could not tell from the title. It might be *A Sportsman's Notebook*; or *Virgin Soil*. The Art Theatre, I knew, had thus brought effectively to its stage several of the novels of Dostoievsky, such as *The Brothers Karamazoff*, *Nikolai Stavrogin* (dramatized from *The Possessed*), and *The Village Stepantchikovo*, although Dostoievsky had never written for the stage nor remotely intended his stories to be used thereon. My next impression, after I was informed that *A Month in the Country* had been composed originally as a play, was that it would prove to be an inferior *étude* of the author, a typical novelist's play unsuited for the stage and honored by his compatriots merely out of respect for his other work; else why had we never heard of it outside Russia? This second surmise, however, proved to be as groundless as the first, for in performance at the hands of Stanislavsky's players it was disclosed as a suave and mannerly transcript of Russian life,—not so much a drama of action according to conventional formulas as a rich and illuminating panorama of personalities and incidents on the estate of a landed proprietor in the days of 1840, brought to vivid representation as drama on the stage. And for double proof of Turgenieff's talents as a playwright, the Art Theatre revived from its storehouse later in the same season a group of shorter works, including a masterpiece in droll humor, *The Lady from the Provinces;* another glimpse in miniature of the same life which *A Month in the Country* depicts, *Where the Thread's Weakest, There It Breaks;* and the first act of a longer play in more sombre mood, *The Boarder*.

A Month in the Country was written in 1850, at about the time of the death of the author's mother. Turgenieff was thirty-two years of age, and had written only occasional poems and sketches, which were later collected under the title, *A Sportsman's Note-*

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book. Tradition in Russia has it that in the leading character of the play, Rakitin, he drew an autobiographical portrait, and that Rakitin's hopeless love for Madame Islaieva had its counterpart in the author's own life. It is this tradition which has induced Stanislavsky whenever he plays the rôle to make up in the likeness of the Turgenieff of that period.

The curtain rises on a salon done in the grand style of native Russia crossed with imported France, reflection of the same fashion which led the playwright's mother to teach him nothing but French and compelled him to learn his own tongue from the peasant servants. Natalia Petrovna Islaieva and Mihail Alexandrovitch Rakitin form one of two groups in the salon. They are reading to each other, but only fitfully, for their minds wander to Byelaieff, a student who has come to tutor Natalia's son, Kolya. Natalia displays more than a passing interest in the young man with his bold, free and unabashed manner, and proposes completing his education against the advice of Rakitin. Dr. Shpigelsky arrives, ostensibly to tend the coachman but really to press the suit of Bolshintsoff, a neighbor, for the hand of Vyerotchka, Natalia's adopted daughter. The girl comes racing in from a morning at play and Mme. Islaieva's answer to the doctor is, "She is a mere child!" At Islaieff's entrance, his wife departs, unable to endure his blunt, practical ways, but when he takes Rakitin away to view some new improvement on the estate she returns to a confidential scene with the tutor. Envy and suspicion enter her mind, though, when she sees the young man and Vyerotchka talking and laughing together, and on their departure she informs the doctor that she might consider his friend's proposal, after all.

The garden on Islaieff's estate is fitting locale for the growing love of Vyerotchka for Byelaieff, and it serves as well for an amusing scene wherein the doctor coaches the awkward Bolshintsoff for the ordeal of courtship. The third act returns indoors to recount the deepening rivalry between mother and foster-daughter, Byelaieff's shocked denial to Natalia that he loves the girl, and Rakitin's unrequited concern for Natalia. A summer-house on the estate is rendezvous in the fourth act for Vyerotchka and Byelaieff; the girl's dream is shattered, and in her anger and

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excitement on the appearance of Natalia she accuses her mother of being her rival, and runs away weeping. Natalia and the tutor, thus thrown together, confess their love for each other, only to be surprised in turn by Rakitin. The last act, once more in the great salon, discloses Islaieff and his mother deeply worried over Natalia and the love they think she bears for Rakitin. Islaieff consults with his guest, and Rakitin decides it would be best for him to leave. As he bids them all farewell, Byelaieff suddenly understands that he himself has been the cause of all this tangled web of misdirected affections, and in a rush of remorse such as only a Russian can comprehend, he, too, departs, and life on the estate resumes its monotonous course above the wreckage of unfulfilled passions.

A play of so slender a narrative thread, of course, places a heavy burden on everyone concerned with its production. I know of no other producer except Stanislavsky, no other company except that of the Moscow Art Theatre, which could overcome the obstacle of this element of passivity. Constant training together through years of experiment, however, and a keen, almost intuitive, sense of atmospheric ensemble resulting from this intimate collaboration, have enabled these players not only successfully to master the difficulty inherent in Turgenieff's comedy, but even to capitalize it and make it serve positive ends. On its first inclusion in the repertory of the Art Theatre in the season of 1909–10, critical Moscow was unanimous that Stanislavsky had made the play expressive of all that Turgenieff means to the Russian heart. Here was set forth with unbroken illusion that romantic fineness of feeling and sensitive understanding of character which runs through all of Turgenieff's work; here, too, was a compelling and moving glimpse of that sadness and hopelessness which is so deeply ingrained in the Russian soul. I have maintained elsewhere that the secret of the Moscow Art Theatre's use of realism as a mode of artistic expression is a calculated minimization, a toning down of life to make its portrayal seem more convincing; and it is this minimization, this frank and courageous utilization of subdued tones throughout the performance, which helps Stanislavsky to achieve the emotional effect that Turgenieff intended.

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One of Russia's foremost living artists, Mstislaff Dobuzhinsky, collaborated with Stanislavsky as designer of the four settings of the play, contributing through his lighting and his sense of design and locale a sympathetic understanding not only of the playwright's mood but of the grand manner of life under the first Tsar Nicholas. Stanislavsky and Katchaloff alternate in the rôle of Rakitin, but each makes him the model of unruffled gentility. Massalitinoff's Islaieff is in fitting contrast, but as urbane as a courtier when measured by the manners of to-day. Moskvin's Doctor and Luzhsky's Bolshintsoff are admirable examples of the droll humors which high comedy can achieve within the bounds of the strictest realism. Mme. Knipper, Tchehoff's widow, is proof in the rôle of Natalia of the power of repression in the depiction of jealous affection. And Mlle. Korenieva as Vyerotchka supplies an enchanting lyric note to one of Turgenieff's most engaging feminine portraits.

A wholly different aspect of Turgenieff as playwright emerged in the Moscow Art Theatre's programme of short plays from his pen which was first included in the repertory in the season of 1911–12. There is not so great a variation in mood and manner in *The Boarder*, the first act of which was presented as a self-sufficient play, for it is dependent on intimate characterization rather than on incident. Its story deals with that curious phase of the old Russian social and family life which persisted occasionally at least until the time of the Revolution—the presence in the household of landed proprietors, or of well-to-do dwellers in the towns and cities, of an outsider who is blessed with birth or breeding or a fortunate past, but who has been reduced in circumstances to the point where he will accept a living in a strange *menage*. Dostoievsky deals with such a figure in Foma Fomitch Opiskin, the leading character in *The Village Stepantchikovo*, which has just been published in an English translation under the title, *The Friend of the Family;* but Opiskin had so capitalized his fortuitous position that he had become absolute master over the feelings and the finances of his benefactors. Kuzovkin in Turgenieff's play is a less vigorous personality, the butt of everyone's jokes, and almost a tragic figure in his compulsory sufferance of humiliation. *The Boarder* is laid in a country house over a

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hundred years ago, and the author has made it eloquent of the crudeness, the bluffness, and the lack of refinement which characterized all but the heads of the household in the days before the introduction of western customs brought about the metamorphosis which is evident in the picture presented by *A Month in the Country*. The scenes with the servants are like nothing so much as the corresponding incidents with the awkward attendants in an English country house in Goldsmith's *She Stoops To Conquer*.

There is even less divergence from the style of *A Month in the Country* in another of the short plays, *Where the Thread's Weakest, There It Breaks*, a comedy of manners and of finely analyzed affections out of the same life and time as the longer play. In fact, it is almost *A Month in the Country* in miniature, and for it Dobuzhinsky designed and devised a salon setting reminiscent of the grandiose airs of that of the longer play, only more delicately shimmering in its representation of the suave artificiality of the age and the sentimental atmosphere of the Russian countryside under intense summer suns.

Originality, however, comes to the fore in still another of the short plays, *The Lady from the Provinces*. Here Turgenieff dispensed with his sometimes cloying sentiment and substituted light and engaging and even satiric humors. His attention is no less devoted to the painstaking drawing of character, but he does not rest satisfied with that service alone, for he has built up in this masterly example of the one act play a fabric of plot and incident, slender but amusing, which should make it a pleasant acquaintance on the stage of any country. Alexei Ivanovitch Stupendieff, Daria Ivanovna, his wife, and the Count Valerian Nikolaievitch Lyubin, are the leading characters. Stupendieff is an official in a small district-capital, and the play unfolds in his home in a parlor of mid-Victorian fuss and feathers. He is a blunt but well-meaning fellow; his wife is an amiable and light-hearted, not to say flirtatious, young person who is bored by the hum-drum of life so far from the gayety of the city.

To this quiet but potentially restless scene comes the lackey of the Count Lyubin announcing the approach of his excellency, and wearing his hat in the house in the fulness of his pride. Stupendieff makes him take it off, not once, but numerous times,

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until the count is heard in the hallway. Everyone disappears unceremoniously, permitting the visitor to enter a vacant room. When the ends of self-importance have been served, Stupendieff returns formally, followed by his wife. The latter and the count exchange a glance of recognition as Stupendieff pleads an engagement elsewhere and leaves them alone together. The two talk of the old and romantic days before she had left the city, and the count, becoming amorous despite his more than middle age, moves closer in recalling the past. Daria Ivanovna finally permits him to kiss her hand, but just for a moment. On his departure to get his music, she reflects lightly on the chances of life which have brought her to this secluded nook of the empire, but her revery is broken by the return of her husband, who requests his dinner at three, and then, on overhearing the count humming a tune outside, pretends to be called away once more. At the piano, the titled visitor, in atrocious voice, and Mme. Stupendieva proceed with their flirtation, but the suspicious husband breaks in upon them, only to find them harmlessly occupied. He extricates himself awkwardly but a moment later returns again, only to find his apprehensions still unfulfilled. He risks a third trial, though, and this time he catches the count on his knees before his wife, unable on account of his age and stiffness to rise gracefully or promptly and the butt of the heartless laughter of the Lady from the Provinces, who has used him to point a needed lesson to her grumbling husband.

In the Moscow Art Theatre's production of this delightful bit of banter, Stanislavsky takes a holiday from his more serious rôles and proves himself master as well of more fleeting and light-fingered fancies in the part of the count. His wife, Mme. Lilina, an expert actress of charming personality, makes a perfect foil for him in the rôle of Daria Ivanovna.

Aside from these four works, Turgenieff is represented in dramatic form by other less known and less regarded compositions which are seldom if ever presented in the theatre. One of them, *The Bachelor*, is a long play in three acts, but it is notably inferior to *A Month in the Country*. *Imprudence* is a comedy in one act, and *Breakfast at a Nobleman's Home* is another of the same type; while there are three sketches that are little more than

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conversations: *Pennilessness*, *A Colloquy on the High Road*, and *An Evening at Sorrento*. The fate of these lesser *études* probably deserves to be that which thus far has unfortunately been the lot of the major works.

To those who know Turgenieff as novelist, these brief notes will indicate a marked similarity of method and treatment in his plays and his stories. In both *genres* he was concerned primarily with character portrayal and with the half-tones of mood and feeling as a background for these portraits. In both, his method was, on the whole, that of the realist, but the realist as romancer rather than the realist as morbid analyst or propagandist. The nobility of his spirit and the fineness of his imagination, inherent in all his work, justify the consideration of his plays in any study which the western world may make of his genius.

OLIVER M. SAYLER.

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THE HUMANIST AND PROGRESS

BY PERCY HAZEN HOUSTON

THE word progress as it is ordinarily employed to-day may be defined as the gradual but steady betterment of the human race, and its march toward a more or less definite goal which is to be the final consummation of all our efforts. Of progress such as this, two ideals have won the general favor of the present generation, and they lie back of most of our current thought and much of our active effort toward improvement.

One of them we may conveniently call the sentimental or romantic ideal. Its historic origin goes back to the middle years of the eighteenth century, to the time when the fashionable Deism had pretty well demolished the imposing orthodox edifice that was crowned by the fierce and rigid dogma of human depravity. With Divinity quite reasoned out of existence, the pleasanter and more comfortable principle of natural sympathy assumed in the popular mind the place formerly occupied by the austere conception of an awful responsibility of the soul to its Maker for the conduct of life; and the problem of evil, so disturbing to all former systems, found an easy solution through shifting its burdens upon other shoulders. Enormously aided by the philosophers of the Enlightenment, particularly Diderot and Rousseau, this principle made its final outlet into the thought of the world through the transforming power of the French Revolution. Thence it has permeated the whole of modern life, in the beginning by means of the doctrine of the Rights of Man as it was carried by the conquering French arms over the Continent of Europe, and then as expressed by many post-Revolutionary writers, perhaps best represented in England by the poet Shelley. In his championship of mankind against all forms of tyranny he was the precursor of that literary exaltation of revolution which has become an essential part of the modern spirit.

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This romantic theory of progress rests upon a fundamentally new conception of man closely related to that principle of sympathy which, as has just been suggested, had transformed the whole view of life. It is an abiding faith in natural goodness, a belief in the infinite and progressive perfectibility of human nature, and, by a curious shift from the individual to the mass of men, an increased sympathy for mankind in the lump and an effort to promote its progress toward some far-off divine event of which we can know so little. It lies behind most of our schemes of social reform in so far as their aim is the purely material one of improving social conditions. Neglecting for the most part the disciplines of old-fashioned religion that would cherish the power controlling our impulsive selves, it emphasizes the opposite virtues of altruism and sympathy. As the traditional faith has decayed, our hearts have gone out to our fellowmen in a desperate endeavor to find the peace that comes only through victory over worldly desires. Romantic progress may then be defined as the substitution of expansion for discipline as the means by which a new world may be built, more beautiful and more secure than any before.

As the sentimental dream of progress has assumed definite form, it has become one social Utopia or another, whereby this recalcitrant world may suffer itself to be brought into harmony with the desires of the dreamer. His most persistent dream has been universal peace, a vision of the future when the nations will meet in the parliament of man as they find it no longer necessary to keep a watchful and suspicious eye upon their neighbors. The horrid disillusionment of these last years has scarcely sufficed to quench the Utopian's ardor for the consummation of his dream.

Closely related to romantic progress and indeed almost inextricably bound up with many of its expressions, is another ideal which must also carry us back to the complex eighteenth century if we would comprehend its growth. The Industrial Revolution, with the consequent rise of the factory system and the division of society into the main classes of capitalist and wage-earner, paralleled the French Revolution as one of the chief transforming events of modern times. With the enormous advances in mechanical efficiency, and the marvellous conquests over Nature

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which the modern world has witnessed, there has grown up a hope of a systematic and general advance of the race. Through the development of the science of biology, another science modelled on parallel lines, that of sociology, has been created and a sort of religion of humanity on the material plane has tended to take the place of the ancient fear of God in the human soul. Evolution and natural selection have become the watchwords of this modern scientific spirit, new sciences like experimental psychology and eugenics have won increasing suffrage, crime and criminals have received the attention of their so-called experts, solemn reports of investigations are being filed away for future reference, and the belief spreads that human relations may somehow be regulated by scientific formulae. Quantitative and dynamic standards have thus gradually usurped the place of the human ones in our schemes of improvement.

During the last half century or more these two ideals of progress have very nearly coalesced, and are now almost indistinguishable. The wearied romanticist, seizing upon the new scientific impulse, took hold upon life with renewed vigor and wove again his dream of a new heaven and a new earth. From an extreme of individualism it was for him an easy vault to an extreme of collectivism, of machinery and organization, creating new and favorable conditions under which the soul of man may expand. And so he turned to various forms of socialism, accepting even the communism of revolutionary Russia as a dream realized, from which he has scarcely been awakened by the rude shock of facts that will not be denied. Even so, he still retains his light-hearted desire to tinker with our political and economic structure, just to see what will happen by a sudden change; for, he declares, no change can be for the worse, and may result in overturning the institutions that have laid their heavy hand upon man's free, soaring spirit.

Now there exists a third group, or type, whom we may for convenience's sake call the Humanists. The origin of this humanism needs also to be briefly traced if we would know its bearing upon our present problems. The growth of new institutions during the Renaissance created a need of training political and intellectual leaders whose attitude should be forward-looking and

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modern. With the dying of chivalry, the gentleman and the courtier occupied the place the knight had held as the central unit in medieval life, and it was necessary to discover a new education suitable for their proper development. The solution of this problem fell to the universities, and out of the performance of their task arose the Humanism that was to retain its hold over Europe for more than two centuries, until it was broken by the great cataclysm of the French Revolution. Sir Thomas More, John Colet, and Sir Thomas Elyot, under the guidance and inspiration of Erasmus, made the English universities centres of the New Learning.

And to what did these men turn for their perpetual models of noble conduct by which they might fashion the "Governour" to make him a worthy leader of the great nation that had but recently come to herself? Naturally to the Classics, as they depicted the heroism and the wisdom of the noble men of Greece and Rome. From Milton and Johnson and Burke, to Arnold and Newman, the men of strongly conservative temper have steeped themselves in this culture, believing that there they found a centre from which they might proceed to interpret the scattered elements of their own lives. As they have watched the waste and the chaos and the feebleness of human effort to move forward, they have searched for a central idea which might bring order into the lives of those who accepted its yoke. And this idea, so precious to their minds, rests in the classic, or the humanistic, virtues of control and proportion and restraint upon the expanding impulses which rise from the sub-conscious life and push forward into outer activity. The Golden Mean of the temperate life, the inner sense of fitness that prevents the individual from moving to either extreme of inhibited emotions or uncontrolled expansion, and the belief that justice cannot be established by mere revolt against institutions, are the convictions that lie close to the heart of the humanist. In the humanities, moreover, he finds the clearest and most beautiful expression of them, and he would therefore fight to reintroduce a humane culture into the teaching and the curriculum of our educational systems, for it is here he sees the fairest opportunity to make his ideas prevail.

When, therefore, the humanist approaches the heterogeneous

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elements of modern life, he pauses doubtfully before he makes any decision as to the direction in which his efforts shall lie. Particularly is this true in the political and economic field, and he is, accordingly, temperamentally opposed to the progressive or liberal point of view, which bases its philosophy upon an opportunism dictated only by the exigencies of the moment. He may, it is true, be a tory, treading the good old paths because they are old, but he will not be, if he is possessed of fair critical insight. Nor need he suffer loss of sympathy for pain or distress or fail to seek means for their relief.

Such being the nature of the humanist, what relation can he bear toward the essentially modern idea of progress? In the first place, it must be understood that he is under no illusions as to a better time coming when men shall cast off their hates and ambitions, and live together in friendly sympathy. This disillusionment, if such it be, is not, however, that of the romanticist turned cynic, nor of the man of science whose formulas have chained him to a purely materialistic level, but a clear-sighted recognition of the nature of man and the unchanging influences that come together to form character. Man to-day, and always, is born with a complex of impulses and desires, and the manner in which he directs his life depends on the extent to which he brings these impulses and desires under the control of his conscious will. Few men, however, whether as individuals or in the mass, are able to remain masters of themselves or their fates, and we can therefore scarcely hope for any steady self-improvement in the mass of men that we call society.

But the true humanist, who would mediate between the extremes of excess and restraint, believing each of them a form of intemperance, goes further and admits that there are, in a general way, two types of individual, each of them to a greater or less degree shading into each other. We all know the man of temperament, tending to shake himself free from all authority and seeking an outlet for his powers through a purely expansive life. More congenial to the humanist is the other type that subjects itself to inner control, and, within certain limits, accepts the dictates of outer authority. This type yields to discipline, submits to routine, and makes its study the pursuit of perfection. The

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one type, if not submissive to any check upon temperament, runs into an excess of subjective egoism; the other, if not balanced by some degree of impulsive life, loses vitality and becomes sterile of any true self-expression.

These two types of men find their parallel in the ages of man. As the pendulum swings in one direction, we see the forces of expansion dominant, and naturalistic philosophies in control of thought and action; as the pendulum swings in the other, an age of contraction or concentration follows, be it imperialistic or aristocratic or oligarchic. Now, the humanist views with grave concern, if not alarm, these extreme swings of the pendulum of life; but especially does he fear the excesses of expansion, and he believes that he finds his fears justified by a dreadful catastrophe like the Great War that we have just lived through, which he considers the inevitable outcome of an unchecked naturalism. Rarely indeed have there occurred brief periods when it seemed as if a fairly complete balance between the spiritual and vital forces had been obtained, and he sees these as the great ages of the world. The age of Pericles was one of these, and the Christian thirteenth century was another. But these seemingly perfect moments of history have been but moments, possessing in themselves the seeds of decay, the one yielding to the two clashing imperialisms of the cities of Greece, the other to the forces of naturalism hastening to destroy the beautiful static ideal of medieval life.

And what of to-day? To-day we seem to be slipping back into the old confused living of the days before the war, but with many things smoldering beneath the surface of our life. Whether we are ignorantly preparing the way for a tragic conflict of classes, a warfare to the death against alien races, or the creation of new imperialisms to be cleansed again by blood, only time can reveal. Or whether we shall avoid them all through the sheer inertia that so often prevents catastrophe, we cannot tell.

If such be the case, what of this great period of reform and the new era of good feeling? But the humanist becomes more doubtful than ever, for he has seen the Fourteen Points of reform essayed again and again, only to meet a humanity invariably too weak or too intent on its business to listen long to the lofty voice

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of the idealist. He believes, moreover, that any reform accomplished by the will of a mere majority is doomed to failure, as we may some day discover when the fine fervor of the prohibition officials begins to abate. No idealism, unless it is based solidly on discipline of the individual will, can hope for any measure of practical success. The humanitarian dream of human brotherhood seems to him but a projection of the ego into the outer world, there to meet other egoes similarly projected, and to clash with them because nowhere behind them is there a restraining power upon self-assertion. So, also, the faith in organized charity, as it attempts to remake human nature through a mere change of environment, seems ultimately futile, unless with it is preached the hard and often repellent lesson of individual responsibility. Indeed, one of the saddest reflections that occur to the humanist's mind is the slow corruption and breaking down of noble efforts, the sheer waste of splendid sacrifice, and the drift toward control by evil forces, because the will grows tired and the eternal vigilance that is the price of moral health becomes at last relaxed.

If, then, the humanist has so little share in the prevailing optimism, seeing the ultimate failure of most schemes of improvement, he may well question how he shall bear himself toward his fellows and what work he may find in the world to do. He would again candidly admit that he holds no illusions as to the positive effect of his own or anyone else's effort toward a definite goal or final improvement of the human race, but he would not repudiate entirely the great humanitarian ideal of service. He believes that every man of wealth or of unusual education owes a return to his fellows for his superior advantages; but he must frankly declare that his primary interest is not in institutions or in any sort of institutionalism, but in the individual, whom he would carry forward just as far as each one is capable of advancing.

With this said, the humanist, by self-definition,—that is, by the fact that his main interest in life is the relations of men to each other,—will ever retain an exceedingly lively interest in all that occurs within the sphere of his observation. He has nevertheless certain rather definite ideals of discipline which he is

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bound to preach in season and out to a world not prone to listen to his voice. Moreover, he knows that except for the unremitting toil of himself and others like him, those standards by which he endeavors to guide his own life and to which he believes the world must eventually turn if we are to pull ourselves out of impending chaos, will be lost, and anarchy will hold us in its grip. The humanist, then, is like a policeman who cannot force men to do good, but can keep down the evil in society and prevent wrong. He is the steady, conservative, critical force, the necessary check upon a drift toward the unknown future, often making a losing fight, but not seldom leaving a clear and definite impress upon the formation of ideas, which, after all, spells the only progress worth considering. He is the home of lost causes, glorying in the good fight against ignorance and unreason. For he feels that his efforts are the kind that tend toward health and sanity, to the creation of ethical standards and the building of will and character, to meet the onrush of all that makes for dissolution.

All this sounds dismal enough, and the ordinary man may naturally ask if this whistling to keep one's courage up, this setting one's back to the wall in a forlorn hope of beating off the enemy, leaves the humanist a very cheerful person. And as he reviews in his mind the long course of history, the errors and injustice of men, the cruelty and rapacity and vanity which have made the world a shambles and the lives of men a long agony as they have gone to their fate, to be succeeded by other generations with a similar possibility to torture them, he puts the same question to himself. If this dark picture be a true one, how shall he treat his own life and the lives of others?

Now, if he have within himself something of mystic insight, he will find in his own soul the content he is unable to discover in the unresting flux of material change, and he will seek his happiness there where the passing illusion of this world cannot reach him. But whether or not religion has brought peace to his desires, he will bear a courageous and cheerful front before the world of men and things. With a sense of participation in the pain and the waywardness of the world as keen as that of the most ardent young radical, he will yet drive his shafts of criti-

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cism straight toward the source of ignorance and error. By the white light of reason, tempered by the knowledge that comes through a long race experience, he would judge, and through correct judgments—so far as judgments can be made correct in an imperfect world—he would try to show by what means wrong may be made right.

As a moralist and critic, then, the humanist would take his stand in the hope of helping to create a large body of clear-thinking men, who in turn may exert an even larger influence upon the current of events. That is, after all, his real hope, and toward that he bends his best efforts. And that end he perceives can best be brought nearer through the medium of a rightly directed system of education, wherein the humanities may find again a central place. As an educator, then, either actively engaged in the business of teaching, or in sympathetic contact with the profession, the humanist will most often be found, and there we may leave him pursuing the work he was meant to perform and happy in the thought that all effort, based on sound principles and persistently carried through, is to its author its own reward.

PERCY HAZEN HOUSTON.

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VENETIAN SKETCHES—II

THE SECRET CHARM

BY GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER

A black storm-cloud hung over Venice. As we crossed from the Giudecca, the city wore a deathly pallor, as if in fear of the wind that would soon descend. Giovanni bent to the heavy pole with all his supple strength, and the gondola sped on as never before. Yet the way was long. Every boat was seeking shelter, and the broad canal was almost cleared while we were still far from the foundations which were our only refuge. The cloud was in front of us, and our effort to escape seemed only to be taking us nearer to the danger, as if we were advancing recklessly to meet the attack of some stealthy and inhuman monster. Breathlessly we glided on; breathlessly the surrounding air and water waited. There was not a ripple, not a murmer; in the hush of the white light, the sky hung lower and blacker. Then the blow fell. Just as we rounded the corner under the bridge and slipped into a narrow canal, hugging the wall, a torrent of wind and rain swept down upon the water, lashing it into a fury of foam. A dense curtain of rain, blown into long folds and torn into shreds, met the contending waves. The opposite shore was swept out of sight; the large sea-going vessels that must have been tugging fiercely at their moorings were lost to view. The gondola-ferry-boat that had started abreast of us, with two old men for gondoliers, was driven far out across the bay. No boat of the lagoons could resist that onrush of wind and water.

Yet Venice was unshaken. Under the shelter of her foundations she no longer seemed a trembling, terror-stricken creature, but a mighty, protecting force, immovable as a mountain. Inside her canals the storm might have been a gentle summer rain, so helpless was it against the resistance of her ancient walls. The city was drenched; her streets and squares and bridges were

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washed clean. But the wind had only ruffled the waters gently, so that they lapped the stones a little more restlessly and splashed a few inches higher than usual. There was just enough movement to suggest a disturbance without and accentuate the calm within.

Such are the transmutations of Venice. Even when the sky is even-tempered, surprises at every turn contradict the tradition of her placidity, and create, despite the verdicts of time and custom, her infinite variety. One crosses over blue and silver water, as pure as if bubbling from a spring, and enters a pool of stagnant slime. One makes one's way through dark and narrow alleys, between walls that shut out the sky, and comes out upon a view of snow-capped mountains beyond a shimmering sea and a pale blue island floating between earth and heaven.

One looks across the Grand Canal at the white Church of the Salute rising against the morning sky with superb dignity. And then one looks down into the water under the church, and there she has become a twisting, writhing dragon. Her dome is the dragon's striped and spotted body; her spire is his tail, rough and thorny and lashing fretfully to and fro; her columns are his ribs; the coils and statues of her architrave are claws and tentacles that dangle in the water. The sun reflected from two round windows under her dome makes a shiny spot on the creature's back; the bronze Virgin on the cupola is a flash of green on his tail. The long ribs of his body are gray and opaque; his skin glistens like silk.

At the traghetto near by an old man sits waiting in his gondola. He is lengthened out in the reflections among the dull blue piles twisted into spirals. An officer approaches and the gondolier bestirs himself. He rises—incredibly tall and slender—and the officer, smoking a cigarette and reading the morning paper, glides, for two sous, across the silk and thorns of the dragon's back. A great barge looms up, as long as the steps of the Salute, rowed by two men at the bow and steered by another at the bulky rudder. A launch comes upon the scene, thumping insistently, noisy and crude for all the white cushions inside its glass-cased cabin. And now other boats are in motion. Air and water alike feel the change; breezes are stirring; and the dragon, with

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the other mysterious creatures under the floating city, disappears for the day.

. . .

On a moonlight night in the late summer we crossed from the Giudecca in our gondola, in spite of military rules, and wound our way, at Giovanni's will, through the narrow canals. There was not a sound to break the silence, and here and there low lights, closely shaded, only added to the enchantment. It was high water, and the smells were fresh and clean and salty, and now and again, as we passed under a wall, a heavy perfume of garden flowers floated out through an iron gate. We had forgotten there was a war; when suddenly, from the still sky, the siren blew and the cannon boomed and we knew there was an air-raid.

"As far as I am concerned," said Giovanni, "we go right on. I know not fear. However, I am your servant, and for precaution's sake, we will seek shelter from the shrapnel that will soon be bursting around us." We continued our silent way.

"Don Carlos once said to me," he spoke in his usual quiet voice, "'Giovanni, it looks like a bad storm. Shall we brave it?' 'As you will, Eccellenza,' I replied. 'Very well, Giovanni. We are both soldiers, you and I. Let us start.'"

We drew under the Rialto Bridge and waited; and while the cannon and machine guns roared and rattled and thundered, reverberating under the broad arch, I thought of Shylock, and of Antonio and his argosies and his "ancient Roman honor"; and I wondered that one single pound of flesh should have been worth Portia's wit and Shakespeare's genius. And it seemed to me that the Rialto and its bridge would never again recall the exultant "A Daniel come to judgment" and the faltering "I am content"; but that forever and ever it would resound with those deafening guns, drowning every human voice.

When the defense-guns ceased firing, we came out from the black shadows into a luminous silence so deep and breathless that the heart stopped beating. Giovanni's long stroke sent us swiftly forward. Only once was the stillness broken by voices coming from some shelter or *rifugio*. Before the safety siren had sounded we had crossed to the Giudecca and alighted at our doorstep.

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In war and peace, in the present as in the past, the changes of Venice are the law of its life. From storm to calm, from noise to silence, from time-enduring stones to vanishing and elusive shadows, from solitude with the sea gulls to the crowd in the café—nowhere else are there such contrasts of light and darkness, of mirth and sadness, of ease and hardship, as in this city of sea-changes. It has often been remarked that these contrasts are reflected in the temper of the people, and they have been taken for a sign of a shifting and irresponsible character. Idlers who live by the toil of others exist in every city; and in Venice, in days of peace, they are so much in evidence that it is not strange that travellers have mistaken them for the real *popolo Veneziano*. But the conditions of Venice, whose very persistence through the ages has demanded a superior intensity of purpose, intelligence of foresight, and patience of industry, have developed a people of extraordinary adaptability, a people capable of concentrated labor and complete relaxation, a people of alertness, of independence, and of ready wit, whose emotions are as intense as they are deep. There is no unreality in the life of Venice.

Change is the law of nature. And the deeper secret of the charm of Venice is not the pathos of beauty in decay nor the strangeness of unaccustomed things that seem unsubstantial like a dream; it is the close intercourse between man and nature, here in this spot which has been reclaimed from the sea-waves and held against them by sheer force of human will. It has been a contest of sharp resistance on both sides. But the struggle with nature is the only warfare that produces harmony. This is the paradox of man's life on earth—his contest with the elements is the guaranty of his peace. Here in Venice the nearness to nature is not that of the rustic who lives by what the earth produces from the seed he plants and waters by his toil. It is something quite different and teaches a subtler lesson. For here where the beauty of art has reached its greatest perfection, where the adornments of life have lent the highest grace to existence, where the finest instincts of civilized man may still be gratified, here at every step men are brought face to face with nature's moods. Her demands are always at his door. Her smiles and frowns become

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his own. He is close to the sound of moving waters. A thousand colors of earth and sky are mirrored beneath his window as in a mountain lake. And only by eternal vigilance shall he save the foundations under him from being worn away by the persistent and unrelenting tides.

After many months on the Grand Canal in a house without a garden, when the airs of spring came down the rivers from the flowering land of Italy, the desire to let the eye wander over countless hills and valleys clothed in their spring colors became irresistible. And, choosing for the satisfaction of that desire one of the loveliest spots of the wide earth, we exchanged our house in Venice for a rambling villa that clings to an olive-green hillside above the Anio and looks across the valley at the silvery cascades and the gray town of Tivoli and up into the mountains and out across the Campagna waving its green and purple toward the towers of Rome.

It was the season when the olives are covered with a fine, almost invisible blossom that casts a sheen of silver over their gray leaves, and when the soft green covering of the hills flaunts its youth and splendor against their gnarled, time-worn trunks. Purple iris, mingled with cacti, hang over the yellow walls. Clumps of genista spring out of the slopes by the water-falls, and long, delicious vines hang down in sprays, wet and glistening—the green hair of Mother Earth. In the evening the sun turns the tree-trunks to gold, the larks and nightingales sing from far and near, and the moon rises behind the white cherry-tree on the garden terrace. Gillies and wall flowers and garlic-bloom nestle along the paths, acanthus leaves sprout from the columns of the old house, artichokes and lettuce and *finocchi* and tomatoes and strawberries carpet the slopes under the olives and fig-trees and acacias. Great clumps of aloes festoon the garden wall. On the higher hills, groves of oak trees mingle their young pink leaves with the tender green of elms and birches. Masses of cloud cling to the heights of Monte Gennaro, while all the land below is bathed in gold and a mist of bronze and turquoise and amethyst rolls up at the base of the Alban Hills.

It was Taine who said, "Give me a grand forest on a river bank, or give me Venice"; the sublimity of nature or consummate

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art. After a month in the Sabine Hills I returned to Venice to realize that here, if anywhere, one has both. As Taine himself said, "Here for the first time one admires not with the brain only but with the heart, with the senses, with the entire being." And not only art and nature are there, but one's fellow-beings. The peasants in the hills are splendid to look upon and as picturesque as the donkeys that patter along beside them, half-hidden under their loads of trailing branches. ("Don't you want her? Take her, if you like," says a fond father, holding his little girl tightly in his arms.) But for permanent association, day in and day out, the peasants of the hills are not wholly congenial, it must be confessed, to civilized man or woman. If one hungers for peasants in Venice, behold, there is a boat of cabbages just in from the fields; one may meet it in the morning at the Fondamenta and converse with father and son, and it may be with mother and daughter as well. There, too, is the fisherman's family, who live on their boat, who sing the baby to sleep on deck under the half-furled yellow sail, and after their evening meal are thirsting for companionship. One may choose these, or others. For in Venice, "close interthreading Nature with our kind," one passes from the solitude of the lagoon, where only the sea-birds bear one company, to a dinner-table where the latest literature is discussed and world politics are in the air, or to the rarest of libraries—a paradise for the lover of good talk in an atmosphere of books and pictures and old brocades. From the resplendent garden on the Giudecca where avenues of tall white lilies lead through a profusion of flowers and fruits in which the bees and blackbirds have their haunts; or that more formal garden of the Contarini Palace where roses and wistaria climb over sculptured arches of the fifteenth century and curved seats of age-old yellow marble rest in the heavy shade of drooping branches among beds of pansies and foxglove, where the tinkle of a fountain mingles with the rustle of the waters at the foot of the garden wall: from retreats like these, one passes at once into the crowd, into the market-place where the people gather, to the free soup-kitchen where women and old men and children are silent and patient, or Goldonian and vociferous, as suits their mood, or to the work-shop where girls in white gowns and aprons are refashioning twelfth century designs in lace and

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linen; from the populous Piazza, illuminated now since the Armistice and glowing like a great festal chamber, through the broad canal where a million lights dance on the water, and into the silent places where the façades of palaces—Byzantine, Saracenic, Lombard, Gothic, and Renaissance—rise above silky shadows into a velvet sky; or into a concert hall to hear the latest music, and the oldest; to the theatre, or the movies, or into a lighted bookshop, or a café; and, after it all, one wanders back to one's house on a silent corner where all night long, under the window, the waves lap the foundation walls, and the night winds freshen the air for another day. Here is the country in the city—*rus in urbe*. Here, on the edge of commodious chambers, are "the arches of the dayspring and the fountains of the deep." Here is no death, but concentrated life.

GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER.

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AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THE Powers respond to the call of America. That they would do so was a foregone conclusion; yet none the less gratifying and inspiring, therefore, are the promptness and the cordiality of their acceptance of the President's invitation. Thus auspiciously proceeds toward its culmination the most simple and direct and yet immeasureably the most potential effort ever made in human history for ridding mankind of the burden of militarism and the menace of war. Not the least impressive feature of it is the contrast which the President's plan presents to the inept and futile proposals of the League of Nations; a contrast universally recognized and widely remarked upon as the final justification of the resistance which this country presented to the Covenant. The strongest plea which was made or which could be made for the Covenant was, that it was the only means of securing peace. How untrue that plea was is demonstrated by the putting forward of this plan, which is diametrically different from the Covenant in every essential respect, and which is generally acknowledged to be far more practicable, and far more hopeful. Instead of America's breaking the faith and being regarded as a slacker and a welcher among the nations, she has nobly fulfilled her highest moral and spiritual obligations, and has assumed such an ethical and irenic leadership as no other Power ever enjoyed.

It was not to be expected that the problem of centuries could be solved in a day. What was supremely gratifying and auspicious was that the highest official representatives of the United Kingdom and of the two divisions of Ireland entered into amicable conference and manifested sincere desires for a just and permanent solution. That their work was not completed in a day, or a week, was in fact encouraging rather than disappointing. An instantaneous agreement would have provoked suspicions

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and doubts, and would probably have been marked with indiscretions and imperfections. A more deliberate agreement will command more respect and will be more complete. One thing that was accomplished was cessation of the hideous crimes and reprisals which had long made up the burden of the daily news. That deviltry having once been stopped, and friendly negotiations begun, reason and humanity revolt at the thought of affairs ever again reverting to the condition of a few weeks ago. Now that a settlement is actually and practically being sought, and is indisputably desired, it must be attained.

The appointment of Mr. Taft to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States was in accord with general expectation and desire. Had the matter been submitted to a plebiscite, he would have been elected by an overwhelming majority. It was also in accord with his own desire. He would, in 1908, probably have preferred such appointment to election to the Presidency. It was, moreover, in several respects one of the most interesting and most momentous appointments ever made to that office. Mr. Taft is the first Chief Justice who had been President of the United States; with one exception, the first who had been a serious candidate for the Presidency. We cannot say that he is the first whose work before ascending that bench was chiefly done in other departments of the Government and outside of courts of law, for that was true of three of his predecessors, Jay, Marshall and Chase. Yet that circumstance is notably true of him, to a degree which will probably exert more influence, conscious or unconscious, upon him than it did upon any of the others. It will be generally conceded that he takes office at a time and in circumstances more momentous than any of his predecessors save only Marshall, to whom he presents a most striking contrast. There never was a Chief Justice more strictly legal in his judgments and less swayed by popular opinion and sentiment, than Marshall. We shall not say that Mr. Taft is the opposite in both respects; yet we can recall no other Chief Justice who was so likely to apply the rules of reason and common sense to questions of legal interpretation, or to take into account the intent and the desire of the people.

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We are at last, apparently, beginning to learn to practice the conservation of humanity, as well as of other and less precious natural resources. The advance of the generation in sanitation and therapeutics and in the adoption of injury-preventing devices has caused such a diminution of the death rate, and particularly of the infantile and juvenile death rate, as half a century ago would have seemed fantastically impossible. Of course the material, the industrial, saving or gain to the nation by this means is enormous. But that is only a part, and perhaps the smaller part, of the achievement. It is beginning to be realized that a large proportion of adults who are either morally perverse or mentally incompetent, and thus are a burden upon the community as criminals or wastrels, could have been made normal beings by appropriate treatment, largely psychical, in childhood. Dr. William Healy, of Boston, who founded the first psychopathic clinic, advisedly estimates that this nation is spending hundreds of millions of dollars a year in caring for adults who might have been made law-abiding and self-supporting by proper care and treatment in their early years. In addition to that cost there is, of course, the enormous loss of the industrial productivity of those multitudes of delinquents. From the most practical economic point of view, leaving humanity quite out of the question, it would obviously be profitable to discard the notion that all children must, like Topsy, "just grow," and to pay most diligent attention to the cultivation of their growth, mentally and morally as well as physically. It is not vegetables nor fruit nor poultry nor cattle that we are raising, but human beings, the men and women who in the next generation will compose this nation. To let a garden run to weeds is slovenly and wasteful. To let children "run to weeds" in mind or character is a crime against them and against the race.

Of no little historic interest was the Spanish national festival which marked the transfer of the dust of Rodrigo Diaz and his wife Ximena from the municipal building of Burgos to a tomb in the ancient cathedral. The name and fame of the Cid Campeador have long been so involved in fantastic and impossible traditions that probably few persons have any definite conception of

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that heroic figure, while many regard him as a sheer invention of the imagination. Much of the *Poem of the Cid* is certainly pure invention, as much as anything in Ariosto or the Heldenbuch. Yet Spain's national hero was a real person, of achievements worthy of his fame, and entitled to a conspicuous place in the history of the world. He was a great conqueror in war, for years he was practically the sovereign of the best part of Spain, and he was one of the ancestors of the great families of Bourbon, Guelph and Hapsburg. Perhaps the fittest tribute to him was that paid by a contemporary and bitter foe: "This man, the scourge of his time, was, in his love of glory, character and heroic courage, one of the marvels of the Lord. Victory always followed his banner—God's curse be on him!" The malediction is the most significant and not the least eulogistic part of the tribute.

Never, perhaps, has there been a more interesting, significant and potentially profitable educational gathering than the Institute of Politics at Williams College, though certainly never was one assembled with less press agent work and flourishing of trumpets. It is to be hoped that, in spite of the quietness and modesty of the whole great undertaking, the American people generally appreciate the fact that in that quiet New England town there have been gathered some of the greatest scholars, statesmen and publicists of the world, to discuss and to promote knowledge of those matters which we are now, after the martyrdom of the great war, beginning to recognize as of paramount importance to the welfare of the race. It has never been difficult—it has been one of the commonest of things—to get men together to consider ways and means of making money or of promoting other material interests; but there has been a strange neglect of such consideration for what is at once the most difficult and the most important of all the arts, the science of human government. Well will it be, and not improbable, for this little conference at Williamstown to prove the bit of leaven which will leaven the whole lump of two worlds.

The final passage and signing of the Peace Resolution, making a legal and technical as there had long been a practical ending of our state of war with Germany, profitably emphasized one point

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which had too often been ignored. That point is expressed in the phrase "Allied and Associated Powers," so often used with so little consideration of its real significance. Its significance, of course, was and is that while the other Powers were actually allied, America was not but was merely associated with them. Between alliance and association there is a distinction with a radical difference. Since the latter relationship proved abundantly efficient and sufficient for all the requirements of war, it should certainly prove equally sufficient for the needs of peace. It would have been a strange anomaly to go through all the agony and stress of the war as a mere associate of those with whom we had blood brotherhood, and then when peace came to consider it necessary to enter into a closer relationship. It is well to be reminded of this circumstance. It would be egregious stultification to pretend that we were deserting or holding aloof from the other nations just because we preferred to remain in precisely the same relationship to them which existed when we were fighting side by side with them in the trenches and on the fields of France.

Secretary Hoover's semi-official reply to the Russian appeal for succor was marked with extraordinary generosity. The American Relief Administration, he informed Mr. Gorky, was ready to give aid to the starving millions of the victims of Sovietism, on condition that the Bolshevist government first released the Americans illegally held as prisoners in Russia, and that it gave satisfactory assurances of non-interference with the freedom of action of the American relief agents. Less than this it would have been stultifying to insist upon or to accept. The circumstances of the case are these: Millions of Russians are in imminent peril of death through starvation, chiefly because of the incompetence and iniquity of the government which tyrannizes that land. As long as that government bears sway, Russia will suffer. The best thing that could happen would be the abolition of Sovietism and the substitution of an intelligent, efficient and honest government. Our government, or any other, would be logically and morally justified in refusing even the slightest relief until there was such a change in government. But with

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unexampled benevolence Mr. Hoover overlooks all that, and offers to send ample aid, provided only that the American prisoners be released, and that American agents be permitted freely to administer the relief. The latter stipulation is, of course, intended to make sure that the food is distributed impartially and is not stolen by the Bolshevists for their own use while the non-Bolshevists are left to perish, as hitherto has been done. Reason and justice are not to blind us to the needs of charity, but even the most abundant charity must not destroy reason or overthrow justice. It is encouraging to see that the Russian authorities seem inclined to accede to Mr. Hoover's demands.

The six hundredth anniversary of the death of Dante finds his Italy and the whole world—which we may no less fittingly also call his—in a state of tumult and of flux comparable with that in which he knew them. But it also finds them, fortunately, far more ready to regard the admonitions and inspirations of his colossal works than they were in his own day and generation. Exiled as he was in life, and long neglected if not actually contemned after his death, he has in our day come into his own, as not merely what Boccaccio called him, the "singular splendor of the Italian race," but as one of the supreme splendors of the universal human race. Only one other poet, at least since the Augustan Age, is comparable with him, and even Shakespeare has not all the advantage on his side. It has been authoritatively reckoned that no other single work in all the world, excepting only the Bible, has given rise to so extensive a literature as his *Divina Commedia*. We are quite ready to believe that with the same single exception no other has on the whole so widely, so profoundly and so beneficently impressed both the mind and the soul of humanity. The rebirth of Italy, politically, intellectually, socially, has been one of the unique wonders of the world, approximated by no other similar achievement; and when its history comes to be fully written, one of its most conspicuous, compelling and triumphant notes must be the influence of this poet, statesman, philosopher, well named both Dante, the Giver, and Durante, the Much-Enduring.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE FOUNDING OF NEW ENGLAND. By James Truslow Adams. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press.

The new scholarship which has gone so abundantly into the making of Mr. Adams's volume is not merely a matter of detail; it is largely a matter of broad views derived from a better knowledge of facts; and the result of it is not merely that from this book one gains a more accurate knowledge of New England history, but rather that one learns from it, in the largest sense, incomparably more than one can learn from the shorter accounts contained in larger works.

The effect of the book upon one's conception of the history of New England are mainly two: first, that one is enabled to see this history all as part of one process, and, secondly, that one is constrained, however reluctantly, to give up one's faith in what may be called (with due reverence) the New England myth. These general results, like most historic generalizations, have in themselves no particular value. Bare ideas such as these cannot be used, like scientific conclusions or mathematical formulas, as the basis for practical deductions. But in connection with a wealth of facts brought forward by Mr. Adams's thorough research and described in his clear and arresting phraseology, these general conclusions become illuminating.

"Apart from any political or religious motives, America was as certain to be colonized in the early part of the seventeenth century as it was to be discovered by Columbus, or someone else, in the latter part of the fifteenth." Moreover, the English colonies were primarily business ventures, and as such were but "episodes in the expansion of English commerce." Not merely the impulse of the "adventurers" to found colonies overseas, but the willingness of British subjects to emigrate to America rooted in the same cause; for it was neither over-population nor religious persecution so much as displacement and disturbance of population due to changing economic conditions that furnished the material for colonization. Religious motives and high ideals of various sorts had their part in the founding of New England—a part which the author shows no disposition to ignore;—yet one must not lose sight of the fact that "the planting of the first permanent colony in New England was due to a desire for gain on the part of ordinary business men, who risked a large sum, and made heavy losses, as well as to the higher motives of some of the actual emigrants." It is interesting, also, to note in this connection that the capital which made the enterprise of the Pilgrims possible was practically all subscribed in London, and that "of the first emigrants but a third belonged to Robinson's congregation, while in the entire Pilgrim movement to America,

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only a dozen or so persons, at most, can be even remotely traced to the neighborhood of Scrooby." So that without underrating the Puritan influence for good (and evil!) in the colonies, one may say that the conception of the Pilgrim venture as the accomplishment of a compact little body of religious fanatics, is a bit romantic.

Just as inevitable as the colonization and subsequent settlement of America was the growth of the idea of empire, not only in England but in all the principal nations of Europe during the seventeenth century. Mercantilism—the universal theory of empire-building, however it may have been discredited, in these later days, as an economic fallacy—served a necessary purpose as a means of consolidating the larger units and of promoting trade and spreading civilization. It is useless to cavil at it, for it was one of the influences essential to the preservation of the colonies themselves. "It has too frequently been assumed," writes Mr. Adams, "that the Navigation Acts of the seventeenth century were a colossal blunder, because, in part, the commercial policy of England lost her the continental colonies in the eighteenth. Those who would commit themselves to such a view might well determine whether, had England not made use of the weapons of the earlier century, and thus developed that naval power which alone enabled her to protect her American possessions, she would have had any colonies left, continental or other, to be kept or lost by any policies which she might adopt in the later period."

It is likewise true that the colonies were certain, as they grew in strength, to regard their own interests as more and more independent of those of the empire. "The germs of the conflict were present from the very beginning. The forces which brought it about were operative in varying degrees, not only in North America, but throughout the entire empire, and extended back to its unconscious inception." But we are scarcely warranted in regarding this conflict of sentiments and of economic interests as a struggle between liberty and despotism!

Thus, while not denying the potency of the ideal of liberty, among other high motives, as a factor in progress, the author leads us to look upon the founding of New England as a mixed phenomenon determined in large part by impersonal causes—a view which certainly strikes one as more just and enlightened than the assumption that those who strive for independence must always be right. Economic conditions brought about the discovery of America and the colonization of the New World; they made the English colonies dependent upon England, and England in some ways dependent upon them. The English—partly, it is fair to assume, from disinterested motives and partly for selfish reasons—desired to control the colonies; the colonists—partly from noble motives, but also in large part for selfish reasons—desired to be as independent of the home government as possible, and in fact a little more so than was really possible. Under these circumstances, would it not be a foolish reading of history to regard every act of colonial insubordination or self-assertion as a step in the realization of the great ideal of Liberty?

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"If the nations of the world are to grow in mutual understanding and brotherly feeling," writes Mr. Adams—in words deserving especial emphasis because they so well define the real aim of history and the ultimate effect of truth—"their histories must be written from the standpoint of justice to all, and not from that of a mistaken national piety." Such a view may well reconcile us to the loss of a little of that excessive reverence for the Puritans generally, and for the Puritan leaders in America in particular, which has been assiduously inculcated in the past. Moreover, truth to say, the Puritan myth, when confronted by the facts is seen to have been somewhat tiresome; and to get rid of what bores us is also undoubtedly a gain. One may suspect that the Athenians banished Aristides, who, with all his faults, was said to be the perfectly just man, not so much from jealousy as from a secret conviction that "there ain't no such animile." Similarly, though we may well be grateful for the effect of Puritanism as a social leaven and may well rejoice in certain individual examples of Puritan virtue, it is a relief to be assured that no such State as the Puritan colony of Massachusetts is sometimes represented to have been ever really existed. For one thing, if Puritanism and sturdy virtue are in any degree synonymous, we must admit that we ourselves are neither sturdy nor virtuous; and if Puritanism, though intolerable in itself, was the mother of our virtues, we have some difficulty in conceiving how an ugly bigotry can have given birth to lovely things.

Mr. Adams's chapter on "Some Aspects of Puritanism" is enlightening. In England, he shows, the Puritans were always a small minority—a minority useful in counteracting the lax moral tendencies of the time, but unfit to rule. Their estimated numbers are greatly swelled by the fact that ten landlords, induced by religious or other motives to number themselves with the Saints, could bring at least fifteen thousand persons nominally into the Puritan fold. This minority was well-organized, vocal, and zealous, and in consequence it has won for itself more sympathy than it perhaps deserved. As a matter of fact, it was often a profitable thing to turn Puritan, and sympathy might often be more justly bestowed upon the sincerely conforming clergyman who had to content himself with a mere pittance than upon his Puritan rival, who was for the most part quite handsomely provided for.

The dark side of Puritanism was not merely its bigotry and the astonishing hardening of the heart that went with it—there were also hypocrisy and the indirect encouragement of drunkenness and of sexual immorality resulting from the suppression of natural instincts. But it was his intolerance that made the Puritan conspicuously unfit to rule—and this intolerance was deep-seated and incurable. Every one of the Saints professed to guide himself solely by the will of God, and of God's will he was the only interpreter both for himself and others. In reading Mr. Adams's masterly account of the Massachusetts theocracy one is fairly astounded to see how tenaciously this view was held and to what extremes it was carried.

The plain fact, then, is that in Massachusetts especially, and to some

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extent in other parts of New England, the people were ruled for over half a century by a peculiarly narrow and intolerant oligarchy. Nor was Puritanism the principal factor in the growth of the colonies that held it as a State religion. During the period of "the great migration" (1630–1640), it is estimated that the emigrants bound for Puritan colonies were outnumbered three to one by those who went to other settlements, and, further, that "not more than one in five of the adult males who went even to Massachusetts was sufficiently in sympathy with the religious ideas there prevalent to become a church member, though disfranchised for not doing so." When it is added that, despite all that has been written about town meetings, there is little evidence, according to Mr. Adams, to show that the New Englanders were more interested in government than were the people of other colonies, it will be seen that the value of the Puritan influence as such may be easily exaggerated.

So far as liberty is concerned this influence was hostile; for the real struggle for liberty that went on during the period covered by Mr. Adams's volume was not the inevitable controversy between the colonies and the mother country, but rather the resistance of the colonists to the Puritan domination. Thus it was not a misfortune but a blessing that Massachusetts became a royal colony. "What the English government granted was a charter by which the colony took her natural place, indeed, in an empire without whose protection she was defenseless, but which, at the same time, gave to her citizens a degree of self-government and political freedom which the theocratic group would never have been willing to concede." And the striking conclusion of it all is that the elements most typically American in colonial institutions were, in the case of Massachusetts, "forced upon her leaders, fighting to the last ditch against them, by an English king who could hardly speak the language of his subjects."

Thus, Mr. Adams's book, besides being entertaining on every page, does actually give one some insight into the way in which historic events come about and of the complex of causes that underlies the reasons men offer in explanation of their acts. The treatise is admirable for its clearness and comprehensiveness. The mind of an unbiassed, scientific historian is like a lens which receives rays of light coming from many different directions: the difficulty is to focus all the different lines of thought. Commonly we are aware of an increased illumination, a gathering in of the light toward a point; but all too often the picture appears to be a little blurred. The generalities are so very general that they are also vague. Mr. Adams, however, brings his ideas to an unusually sharp focus.

HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE: Some Memories of Him and His Art, collected by Max Beerbohm. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Just what a skilled biographer would make of such materials as are collected in the volume that Max Beerbohm has made in memory of his brother,

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it is not easy to say. Probably something much more definite and satisfactory than what we now have. The book is in fact a miscellany, part panegyric, part formal testimonial, part criticism. Lady Tree, sparing not herself, has written recollections more poignant and familiar than the cold pages of biography often accept, and at the same time she has portrayed her husband, unconsciously no doubt, as such a genius as could scarcely exist. Bernard Shaw writes, as is his wont, sincere criticism, with only moderate recognition of the principle of *nil nisi bonum*. W. L. Courtney in an open letter to an American friend rather apologetically defends Sir Herbert Tree's art. Throughout the whole work there is little coherence in the matter of dates, the progress of Tree's career, the development of his art and character. In various parts of the book hero-worship alternates with respectful reserve, enthusiasm with critical candor. The reader must strike his own balance.

Yet, despite its defects in respect of a good biography, the book is quite worth while, because, through it, one is able to see that the man's life itself was immensely worth while.

Logically, of course, one must, as usual, agree with Mr. Bernard Shaw. Logically it is the business of the actor to interpret the lines supplied by the playwright, just as it is the business of the musical performer to play the notes set down for him by the composer. And so Mr. Shaw seems quite justified in complaining bitterly of Tree's arrant sophistications (creative though some of them were) of the parts that he undertook. It is true that in some cases Sir Herbert himself put into the part all the life there was in it. It can scarcely be denied, however, that he was in such matters, like Habakkuk, *capable de tout*. No one whole-heartedly defends, for example, the four subsidiary Malvolios in Tree's *Twelfth Night*. But, as usual, one is constrained to dissent from Mr. Shaw's conclusion, which is that Tree should have been a playwright rather than an actor. One has an idea that Tree would have been a very bad playwright and that Shaw knows it.

It is a commonplace that great men can never be confined to formulas. Sir Herbert Tree was great—great in his enthusiasm, great in his instinct, great in his power to initiate and to give. Theatrical art should not be a plaything for second-rate virtuosos; neither is it one of the Platonic *ideas*, belonging to the pattern world of perfection. Genius must make of it what it can, and the public must take from it, not just what, ideally, it should give and nothing else, but whatever men of genius can make it effectively express.

The imperfections and inequalities in Tree's art seem not hard to define. "He could make himself look like Falstaff," writes Desmond MacCarthy; "he understood and revelled in the character of Falstaff, but his performance lacked fundamental force. Hence the contradiction in his acting: his performance as a whole often fell short of high excellence, yet these same impersonations were lit by insight and masterly strokes of interpretation, which made the spectator feel that he was watching the performance of the most imaginative of living actors." He was immensely versatile, but was at his

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best only in parts of a certain limited type. "He loved to impersonate, and excelled in impersonating characters who, in varying degrees, were the play-actors of their own emotions." "He was," says W. L. Courtney, "a glorified amateur who dared things which a professional never would have dared, and won a shining victory."

All of which seems a mild and critical way of acknowledging that the man was a genius.

Insight, instinct, courage, naiveté—these were characteristic of his private as well as of his public personality. "Herbert had no learning," writes Max Beerbohm, "yet his instinct was so sure that he *knew things*. He was like an inspired Water-finder. . . . He was also an acute judge of human character." He had to do without teaching—would he have been the better for it? "Like Irving," writes Bernard Shaw, "he had to make a style and technique out of his own personality."

To have such instincts and such a heart as Tree had, and to possess the courage and simplicity to obey both, is greatness—though it is greatness into which some weakness inevitably enters. One lays down this book feeling that the world will be fortunate if a man like Tree is born once in a hundred years.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VISION IN EDUCATION

SIR:

In connection with the article by Hanford Henderson on "The New Education" in the May number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW I am reminded that some years ago I asked two rather large groups of people engaged in educational work, mostly in connection with the public schools, and all of them men and women of maturity of thought and experience and holding important positions, whether they considered it a disadvantage to have been subjected to the prescribed courses for undergraduates common in the earlier days, and whether in the light of their experiences they would consider their chances of being properly educated improved by the freedom of the modern elective system. Almost without exception they held to the prescribed and well-balanced course.

Those subjects alone educate which afford abiding and life-long interests, and, it may be added, interests which increase in appealing power as people age. It is clear that by such a test bodily prowess beyond serving as means to ends has, by being made too much of, caused damage to many of our youth. It is pitiful to see the exploitation of the physical vigor of young men by the crowds which are seeking simply an hour's entertainment. False standards are set up amongst the youth and sums of money out of all proportion to the ends gained are expended. Physical exercise is a means to an end. Physical directors are under temptation to reverse this. Domestic science and indeed all college exercises that promote bodily skill or efficiency are concerned with means. The ends of life are spiritual. The Kingdom of Heaven is not won by eating or drinking or being clothed in fine linen. It is entered by getting into contact with one's fellows in terms of interests that will not vanish.

For students preparing for life to become proficient only in the means to life and not be made intelligent as to what constitutes life's fullest interests, is tragical. To leave college unacquainted with the humanities, history, biography, literature, science, mathematics, the fine arts, the art of government, the languages of the governing nations of the world, philosophy, is to go out uneducated and bearing credentials that will carry but a little way. David Swing, said that we go to the primary school to learn words, to the grammar and high school and college to learn yet more words, but until we come to words put together by Dante, Goethe, Milton, Shakespeare, we are uneducated beings.

Men learn to dig coal, to build roads, to fabricate all sorts of material, to write and print books, to found schools, colleges and universities, to construct

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furniture and cloth,—for what? Simply and only that human beings may be able to get together to learn what is good, beautiful and true and to bring the same to pass. For, if they have solidly learned to recognize and love these things, because human nature and its powers are of the texture and have affinity with these, they will seek to embody them in practice. Parents will then come to distinguish between a house and a home, farmers between their children and their farms; manufacturers and merchants will learn that their occupations derive all their significances from association with men and women, and that no class can without peril be exploited either to build up the fortunes of another class or provide conveniences or comforts for still a third, even if that third be the great buying public. In short, all workers of whatever order and intelligence, and concerned in whatever work and toiling under whatever conditions, are, if they be anything, servants to those in need about them and willing servants too because of what they have received in their turn.

The evil of education is the same which attends upon business, government, the professions. It is the lack of vision, of perspective, of understanding that men are always to be regarded as ends and not as means, that no real return can ever be made for work done save by appreciation, gratitude, love or the consciousness of seeing men made free by the service rendered, and that financial and material returns are only to enable men and women to go forward to further service. And this view cannot be adequately established outside of the teaching of the humanities.

Mr. Henderson is right in his general programme. The years from 16 to 22 are peculiarly sacred and ought to be dedicated to holy things. There is time enough to acquire technical skill but not time for acquiring spiritual vision. Technical skill in language, especially English, control of the hand, body and oral expression, should be developed before this period, but for these six years every child should be nourished on the world classics whether embodied in history, biography, art, science, human life or what not,—so that the eternal values found only in exquisite form and wealth of substance may be their guide, their stimulus, their fulfillment.

Assuming these things to be so, wherein lies the sense of allowing young people at the immature age at which most of them enter college, to cast about at random for food on which to nourish their souls? It may be justly affirmed that nineteen out of twenty young people would be vastly better served in the long run by being held rigidly to wisely directed courses of study which permit little variation until they reach the age of twenty or twenty-two. To some it may seem that such views are the marks of age; yet to Aristotle is attributed the remark that only after passing the meridian of life is the golden wool gathered. Certain it is that if one would seek the roots of poor teaching and the lack of real personal power in the schools, he will find them in the poverty of training which magnifies the doing of things and minimizes reflection upon life.

F. TRENDLEY.

Athens, Ohio.

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THE TYPICAL AMERICAN MIND

SIR:

I was somewhat surprised to observe, in reading Margaret Sherwood's essay, "Our Fear of Excellence," in your August issue, the strain of pessimism running through it. The chronicler of the delightful *Worn Doorstep*—that charming and sympathetic and understanding author of what was England during the war—needs, it seems to me, to remember that her only reason for finding fault with her America is her very love of her own people. In her heart of hearts she was not complaining of our standardized minds, but was, in reality, beseeching her countrymen and countrywomen to do even more with themselves than they have done.

Miss Sherwood is no Mencken. She was not writing for the type of magazine which considers it to be fashionable to belittle everything that is American. She did not, could not, label us as provincial. She was merely hoping (out loud) that we would not stop now but go on producing more Margaret Sherwoods and more of the beautiful minds about which America could but does not boast.

The New York *Sun* editorially commenting on Miss Sherwood's soliloquy (a soliloquy which just happened to jump into type) wondered if we imitated ourselves because we had no near neighbors to imitate: no French, German or Russian customs to take on. Perhaps so. But since, to my way of thinking, there is little virtue in imitation,—but which, nevertheless, is an admitted human trait,—we might just as well keep on imitating ourselves and thereby (because imitating the same thing too long becomes monotonous) cultivate originality and creativeness.

There can be very little wrong with the American mind so long as editorial writers on the *Sun* can and do read the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and at the same time enjoy Goldberg's cartoons. The *Sun* writer, in commenting on the "Fear of Excellence," wondered if, after all, it was not a good thing for "Mike and Ike" (Goldberg's characters) to look alike.

No mind that can appreciate the REVIEW and Rube Goldberg at the same time is altogether hopeless. It is the typical American mind.

ANNE CLARKE HINTON.

New York City.

WHO SHOULD POSSESS THE WEALTH OF THE WORLD?

SIR:

"Is There Enough Banking," by Samuel Spring in a recent number of this REVIEW, is thought provoking. But, although he touches upon some very thought provoking facts, he does not follow up the leads. He seems rather to skim over the surface of his subject and arrive finally at a way station that gets us nowhere.

He tells us that: "Misfortune, unemployment, sickness, the needs of a large

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family—these setbacks every year reduce great numbers of thrifty and steady workmen to conditions of piercing need." What an astounding statement! Surely, it calls for investigation. When we know that all wealth is produced by human work, isn't it passing strange that "great numbers" of the "thrifty and steady" among these should "every year" be reduced "to conditions of piercing need"? If such is the fate of the thrifty and steady, what, one may well ask, must be the fate of the unthrifty and unsteady?

No doubt we need credit facilities. But, for what? For "investment chances"? Hardly. What the steady and thrifty worker and farmer need is facilities for exchanging their work when stored in the various forms of wealth they produce.

Those who do the work of the world should possess the wealth of the world. For all wealth is made by them out of the natural resources. If there is anyone who should be able to escape "piercing need" it surely should be the steady and thrifty worker. For human work is the only thing that can pay for anything.

If Mr. Spring would recognize this fact he might find in Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* a hint of the kind of credit facilities workers need—a system of accounts and currency the unit of which would represent a definite unit of human work. Given such a unit, mutual banking would provide them ample credit facilities. For whoever postpones payment—and work is the ultimate payment—must give the creditor satisfactory evidence that payment will be made. Checks issued against their mutual banks could perform this function, if based on a work unit.

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